

THE
MODERN RECEIPT:
OR,
A CURE for LOVE.
A
COMEDY.

Altered from
SHAKESPEARE.
WITH
Original POEMS, LETTERS, &c.

*Ex noto fictum carmen sequor, ut sibi quisvis
Speret idem.*

HOR.



L O N D O N:
Printed for the Author, M.DCC.XXXIX.

* 45-797



A CURSE FOR LOVE

TO

M. G. BATH MY OWN

Dear Sir

I have the pleasure of receiving the
many Favours I have received
from you in the last Indus-
try of my having the fol-
lowing sheets under your direction
it may appear somewhat strange that
I should endeavour to secure myself
of the former objection to you
and to the present I have
of a generous spirit to the end of
humanity of obliging I am not out
with your most good wishes you will
be sure to be the same
of the same and receive
under



TO

Mr. D. BELLAMY *jun.*

Dear S I R,



Y Inability of returning the many Favours, I have receiv'd from you, is the chief Inducement of my laying the following Sheets under your Protection. It may appear somewhat strange, that I should endeavour to acquit myself of my former Obligations to you, by desiring you to add one more to the Number. But as the greatest Happiness of a generous Soul, is to enjoy an Opportunity of obliging; I doubt not, but with your usual good Nature, you will readily excuse my taking this Method of expressing my Gratitude, and receive

DEDICATION.

under your Care an Infant Muse, which owes to you, if not her Birth, at least her nicest Instruction, and most happy Improvements.

If my Success has been equal to my Wish, and Endeavours, and you think the following Pieces (in some measure) not unworthy the Patronage, they seek from you, I shall look upon it as no inconsiderable Addition to the Happiness I some Times enjoy, in being permitted to subscribe myself,

Your most obedient,

and obliged,

humble Servant,

J. C.

P R E —



P R E F A C E.



AM at a Loss what Excuse to make, both to myself, and the World, for exposing the following Sheets to the Perusal of an impartial Reader: All I can offer is, that they are the Product of a few leisure Hours, designed only for my private Amusement, and never intended to be made Publick in any Shape whatever; but the Complaisance of some Gentlemen, whom I am willing to flatter myself so far, as to call my Friends, has, in a Manner, enticed me into an Opinion of them, and betray'd me into an Error, of which few perhaps, of my Readers, will find themselves inclinable to acquit me. I own the Task, I have undertaken, is full of Dangers, and must appear bold, and sanguine; since, from the Nature of Alterations, every one will readily expect to find my great Original in a Dress more agreeable, and becoming, than any he has hitherto appeared in: That this was the Ground of my Undertaking, no one, I think, will dispute; how far I have succeeded in it, is not for me to determine; I have at least the Satisfaction of knowing, I did my endeavour to be at once just to my Author, and Reader; and, in order to my better succeeding, made Choice of a Play, the most proper for my Design, as being chiefly different from the reigning Taste, and least conspicuous for modern Beauties.

It has been a very common Remark of the Alterers, and Imitators of Shakespeare, that they have grossly neglected his Beauties, and too frequently copied, or reserved his Deformities. I have endeavoured

P R E F A C E.

voured to avoid this Imputation as much as possible; and if, at least, I have omitted any of his most shining Passages, I will ingenuously confess it to be owing to my Want of Judgment in distinguishing them. I have taken the Liberty to make some Alterations in the Plot, and Catastrophe, as well as in great Part of the Language; the Character of Hillario is entirely new, as is that of Marcellus, in a great Measure.

I have nothing more to add with Regard to the following Pieces, but to beg the Reader to peruse them with as much Candour, and good Nature, as possible: To the judicious Critick I submit them with Pleasure; he will not refuse me a fair Trial; and, if I then fall, it will be without Reluctance, or Concern. As for those Gentlemen, whom (I will not say Envy) but an ill-manner'd, unmanly Malice, provokes to pointless Satire, I hope they will pardon me, if I think them not worth offering an Excuse to; but wrapping myself in the happy Content of the divine Horace, express my Respect for them in his beautiful Lines.

Men' moveat cimex *Pantilius*: aut crucier quod
Vellicat absentem *Demetrius*: aut quod ineptus
Fannius, *Hermogenis* lædat conviva *Tigelli*?
Plotius, & *Varius*, *Mæcenas*, *Virgiliusque*,
Valgius, & probet hæc *Octavius* optimus.

I cannot be guilty of so much Injustice as to conclude, without observing, that I owe some of the best Scenes in the Play, with Part of the Letters, &c. to a Gentleman, whose Friendship I look upon as one of the greatest Blessings of my Life; as also, a few of the poetical Pieces, viz. the Epigram on Bromia; on Death; Song to Amanda; Burlesque on Miss S — n, &c. to another, to whom I am no less obliged, and for whom I shall always, with Pleasure, acknowledge the greatest Esteem, and Respect.

T O

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TO THE
LOVERS of both SEXES.

GENTLEMEN, and LADIES,



Beg Leave to throw the following Work under your Protection: The particular Regard, I have ever maintained for you, together with the Consideration, how much it would be your Interest to support, and countenance, a Piece, so manifestly calculated for your private Use and Advantage, would not permit me to think of leaving your joint Patronage uncourted.

As I have always had the Good of Mankind in general, and of your Sect in particular, next my Heart, I thought I could not employ too much Time, and Study, to supply you with a Thing so universally necessary, as *A Cure for Love*.

'Tis true, Gentlemen, and Ladies, the World looks upon you as the most happy, as well as most considerable Part of its Community: But—*Fronti nulla Fides*,—I beg the Ladies Pardon—I mean the World may be mistaken; and every one, who has been a Lover, knows how dearly

he

To the Lovers of Both SEXES.

he would sometimes be glad to purchase, what I have here laid before you.

Having exceedingly travell'd in the high Road of Love, especially the theoretick Part of it, I find, as well from the Consent of Authors, both antient, and modern, as from speculative Consideration, this to be, if not the only one, the most effectual Remedy for that epidemical Disease: 'Tis true, Ill-nature, bad Teeth, and the Small-Pox, may go a great Way; but, after the Pains, and Expence, I have been at in examining, and inquiring into the Nature of the Thing, I think I may venture to pronounce no Man really, actually, and absolutely cur'd, restor'd, and plac'd in *statu quo*, till he has been——married, at least—three Months;——the same may be plicable to the Ladies.

Thus much for the Subject of your Patronage. But I cannot err so grossly against the Nature of Epistles *Dedicatory*, as to confine all my Flattery to myself, and my Works; nor be guilty of so much Injustice, as to conclude without taking notice of those many Virtues, you actually (do, or ought to) possess. Not to mention certain requisite Qualifications, such as a good Skin, a sweet Breath, Skill in Dancing, &c. give me leave to observe, that Patience, Complaisance, compleat Knowledge of the most fashionable Expletives, Grace in Swearing, Absence of Thought, Fondness for Solitude, and Soliloquy, an inexhaustible Fund of eloquent Nonsense; with ten thousand other Perfections, which it is impossible for me to enumerate, or express, are, I may say, your distinguishing and inherent Properties; and almost as inseparable from a thorough Lover, as the Image, and Idea of his darling Flame.

In short, Gentlemen and Ladies, under the Patronage, and Protection of so numerous, and respected a Part of the
the

To the Lovers of Both SEXES.

the *polite* World, I expect to live till Time shall be no more; and that Ages, buried far within its distant Womb, shall be no Strangers to the Fame of him, who (by the Way) places it all in being permitted to subscribe himself with all Reverence, Respect, and Submission,

Gentlemen, and Ladies,

Your most obedient,

Most devoted,

Most oblig'd,

Humble Servant,

And Admirer,

(Not to say)

Affectionate Brother, &c.



PRO-

PROLOGUE.

OUR Author fears, in this malignant Age,
 To risque his first Attempt upon the Stage ;
 He says, Ill-nature's there too much in Fashion ;
 And the poor Man cou'd never bear Damnation :
 I had him lay these idle Fears aside ;
 Told him Success was like a blushing Bride,
 That yields to Force alone her blooming Charms,
 And must be courted to her Lover's Arms ;
 I try'd what Arguments I could to win him ;
 But all in vain ; I think the Devil's in him :
 He say's, he'll first a safer Method prove,
 And by Degrees, to greater Hazards move :
 A bashful Fool, I wonder what he writ for !
 These modest Poets, Lord, what are they fit for !
 Give me the Bards, and such there are I think,
 Whose dauntless Souls will at no Dangers shrink ;
 Whom Hisses scare not, Cat-calls threat in vain ;
 Who write and fail, and fail and write again :
 Who can a falling Tragedy survive,
 And try next Week how Comedy will thrive ;
 Who risque their Character to raise a Name,
 And thro' Damnation boldly strike at Fame.
 Besides,—says I,—you are not sure of failing ;
 Try ;—if you're damn'd—why—please yourself with railing :
 Perhaps you may a softer Treatment find ;
 The Town will to itself, at least, be kind :
 The Piece to some small Merit may pretend,
 And, what they like, they'll certainly defend.
 To live, he with a scornful Smile reply'd,
 Where oft so many braver Men have dy'd ;
 I must indeed be Fortune's darling Minion.
 And,—now I think on't—I'm of his Opinion ;
 For, after all, on Stages, I'm afraid
 Few can be sav'd, where damning is the Trade.

P R O L O G U E

*See what you Criticks of the Pit can do.
This Loss, if such it be, we owe to you :
Then say, ye dread Monopolists of Wit,
Who Lords supream in Playhouse Causes sit ;
Who flock in Raptures on an Author's Day,
To feast your Spleen upon his mangled Play ;
And, good, or bad, most bravely scorn to spare it ;
Which of you all is ready to repair it ?
No ;——let pedantick Fools in Writing drudge,
It is enough a Man of Parts can judge.
Why there now ; you to make our Hardships greater,
Damn what we have,——and never give us better.*

*Our prudent Author, to elude your Spite,
Wisely retires, and glories in his Flight ;
He thinks all Dangers o'er in shunning you ;
But——there are Criticks in the Closet too :
To these, he says, he'll boldly trust his Play ;
They would not damn him for the World.——not they :
Kind Souls !——I'll warrant they no Malice know :——
Well——after all I wish he finds it so.*

*To these however we must now address us,
Then do not rashly in our Bloom oppress us ;
'Tis the first Sally,——wou'd you but befriend it,
Perhaps next Year the Gentleman may mend it :
To you he humbly doth his Cause submit,
Resolv'd to stand or fall as you think fit ;
He sues for Favour ;——(Criticks must be flatter'd)
And begs you——if you can——to be good-natur'd.*



Dramatis Personæ.

M E N.

FREDERICK, *Lawful Duke of Liege, but deposed and banished by his Brother Ferdinand.*

MARCELLUS, *A sullen, morose Lord; a great Woman. Hater, but at length in Love with Julia.*

ANTONIO, *A Nobleman attending on the Duke.*

LEONATI, *A Nobleman of Liege.*

VINCENTIO, *His Brother, in Love with Camilla.*

HILLARIO, *A merry Courtier, attending on the Princesses.*

FIDELIO, *Servant to Vincentio.*

A SHEPHERD.

W O M E N.

CAMILLA, *Daughter to Duke Frederick, in Love with Vincentio.*

JULIA, *Daughter to Duke Ferdinand, in Love with Marcellus.*

Lords, Gentlemen, Attendants, Messenger, &c.

SCENE, *during the first Act, in Liege in Germany; all the rest of the Play in the Forest of Arden.*



T H E
MODERN RECEIPT:

O R, A
C U R E for L O V E.

A C T I. S C E N E I.

S C E N E L E O N A T I ' s *Garden.*

VINCENTIO follow'd by FIDELIO.

F I D E L I O.



T is with some Concern, my Lord, that I have observ'd so great an Alteration in you of late; your usual Gaiety, and Fire is vanish'd, and you seem buried in Thought, and Discontent. I have liv'd long in your Family—have serv'd your Father faithfully, and I hope have not given you Reason to complain since I had the Honour to attend you. Perhaps it may yet be in my Power to be of Service to you, at least in my Advice, Pray'rs, and Wishes. May I beg to know the Cause of your Melancholy?

B

V I N C

VINCENTIO.

I was thinking, *Fidelio*, on the Injustice of those Laws, that deprive a Man of the Pleasures, nay, almost the Necessaries of Life, for no other Fault than being born a little too late. I must confess, I think we younger Brothers are but indifferently dealt by: Here's myself might pass with some for a tolerable well-made young Fellow, and I think myself as able to spend an Estate in a gentle Manner as ever an elder Brother in *Germany*: And yet, because an unnatural, ill-manner'd Clown happen'd to tumble into the World the same Way with myself, only about ten or twelve Months sooner; I, forsooth, must owe my Subsistence to his Bounty, and think myself oblig'd to him for an Education worse than is bestow'd on his meanest Vassal. Say, *Fidelio*, have I not Reason for my Melancholy?

FIDELIO.

Ah, Sir! had my old Lord liv'd, we shou'd have no Room for these Complaints.—You know he always lov'd you with a more than ordinary Fondness, and had we had fair Play—I have a strange Notion Things wou'd not have been as they are. However, Sir, by your Brother's own Confession, he has a thousand Crowns in Trust, which your Father bequeath'd you to equip you for the World like a Gentleman.

VINCENTIO.

Ah, *Fidelio*, a thousand Crowns will go but a little Way tow'rds making a Gentleman, as Gentility goes now-a-days.—'Tis said, indeed, he order'd my Brother on his Death-bed, to give me an Education suitable to my Birth. Marry, has he not? While ev'ry noble Youth is gaining Knowledge in his Closet, or Honour in the Field; I must be kept at Home to look after his Lordship's Hounds and Horses; nay, faith, sometimes
his

Or, a CURE for LOVE. 3

his Hogs. A polite Education, I must confess, and fit for the Son of the great *Ernesto*. In short, *Fidelio*, I begin to be tir'd of this Usage; the Spirit of my Father works strongly in me, and mutinies against this Servitude.—I can endure it no longer, but must find some Means to free myself from this Slavery.

F I D E L I O.

Hush, Sir, here's my Lord, your Brother, coming into the Garden.

V I N C E N T I O.

'Tis as I wish'd: Step aside, good *Fidelio*, and thou shalt see a Specimen of his brotherly Affection.



S C E N E II.

VINCENTIO, LEONATI, (*FIDELIO apart.*)

V I N C E N T I O.

GOOD Morning, my Lord *Brother*.

L E O N A T I.

How now, Sir! What make you here?

V I N C E N T I O.

Nothing, Sir. I have not been taught to make any Thing,—I thank your Lordship.

L E O N A T I.

What mar you then?

V I N C E N T I O.

Marry, Sir, I am helping you to mar, what God made, e'en a poor younger Brother of yours, with Idleness.

B 2

L E O

4 *The MODERN RECEIPT :*

LEONATI.

Methinks, Sir, you might be better employ'd.

VINCENTIO.

I know not where, unless you'll give me Husks, and send me into your Hogsty. — Brother! Brother! how have I deserv'd this Usage? What prodigal Portion have I spent, that I should come to such Penury?

LEONATI.

How, Sir! Know you where you are?

VINCENTIO.

Oh, very well: Here, in your Lordship's Garden.

LEONATI.

Know you before whom, Sir?

VINCENTIO.

Ay; better than he I am before knows me. — Nay, frown not; — come, come, I know you are my elder Brother, and that the Courtesy of Nations makes you by that Title my Superior: — But yet it does not take from me my Share in our great Father's Blood; — I am thy Brother still, and tho' a Thousand had been born between us, am as much *Ernesto's* Son as you: — Tho', I must confess, your stepping into the World before me, sets you a little nearer to his Reverence.

LEONATI,

How, now! Do'st thou insult me, Boy?

VINCENTIO.

By Heaven, I scorn it; but I must tell you, elder Brother, I can no longer bear this shameful Treatment; use me as becomes you, or you shall find this Arm can do me Justice.

[*Seizing him.*]

LEONATI,

Wilt thou lay Hands on me, *Villain*?

V I C E N-

Or, a CURE for LOVE.

5

V I N C E N T I O,

I am no Villain, but the Son of great *Ernesto*, and he is thrice a Villain, that says such a Father begot Villains.— Wer't thou not my Brother, I wou'd not take this Hand from off thy Throat till the other had pluck'd out thy accursed Tongue for saying it ---Thy Scandal on thy Head.

[*Loosing him.*]

F I D E L I O *coming up.*

Sweet Sirs, be patient, for your Father's Sake ;--- remember where you are.

L E O N A T I.

Leave me, I say.

V I N C E N T I O.

I will not till I please, for you shall hear me,
Nay, you shall mind me too, by Heaven you shall ;
Our dying Father charg'd you on his Blessing
To tender me a noble Education,
And suited to my Quality and Birth ;
How ill have you obey'd him! --- no servile Hind,
That labours daily for a poor Subsistence,
But boasts a better Knowledge. --- Do me Justice,
Or by my Father's Soul you shall repent it :
Maintain me in a Manner that becomes
Ernesto's Son, or give me the poor Fortune
My Father with his dying Breath bequeath'd me,
And I shall learn to trouble you no more.

L E O N A T I.

Well, Sir, I shall consider of it ; I assure you I shall think of some Way to set us both at Ease : --- I pray you for the present leave me.

6 *The* MODERN RECEIPT :

V I N C E N T I O.

I shall, Sir ; and when you learn to use me like a Brother, I shall learn with humble Duty to respect you as becomes me. Farewel, Sir.



S C E N E I I I.

LEONATI, FIDELIO.

LEONATI.

AND you, Sir, with your very ceremonious Face, be pleas'd to walk after him.

FIDELIO.

Yes, Sir, I shall go after him, or any where to shun such Inhumanity. Had my old Master liv'd, you durst not, nor wou'd he, have us'd him thus.

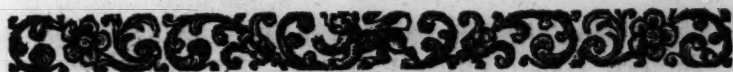


S C E N E I V.

LEONATI alone.

IS it come to this ? Do you begin to grow upon me, young Gentleman ? I shall find a Way to physick your Rankness, and not part with the thousand Crowns, I believe.

SCENE



SCENE V. *The Palace.*

JULIA, CAMILLA.

JULIA.

P R'ythee, dear *Camilla*, be merry.

CAMILLA.

Alas, my *Julia*, I already shew more Mirth than I am Mistress of : Unless I could forget my own, and my poor banish'd Father's Injuries, Pleasure can find no Charms for me.

JULIA,

Thou wrong'st me much, *Camilla* ; for, believe me, had thy Father reign'd, and mine been banish'd, so thou had'st still been with me, I shou'd have taught myself to forget him ; and so woud'st thou if thy Respect for me bore any Semblance of my Love for you.

CAMILLA.

Well, Cousin, I shall try to forget my own Fortune, and rejoice in yours. Oh *Frederick* !

JULIA.

You know my Father hath no other Child, and when he dies, to me his Crown descends : Believe me, dear *Camilla*, you shall wear it, and what Force took from thy Father, Love shall render thee again ; --- therefore, once more, my dear Coz, my sweet *Camilla*, be merry.

CAMILLA.

I'm sorry, Cousin, my ill-manner'd Grief shou'd make me troublesome, and here I throw it off : Henceforward
all

all our Employment shall be to devise new Sports, to make our Time pass on agreeably.

JULIA.

That's kindly said.--- Come, pr'ythee, let's about it instantly.

CAMILLA.

With all my Heart. Come then, what think you of falling in Love?

JULIA.

Oh! the best Thing in the World, provided you don't do it in Earnest. Love no Man in Earnest, Child, nor farther in Jest than you may safely, and without a Blush come off of; it may be dangerous.

CAMILLA.

I pray do you invent then; what shall be the Sport?

JULIA.

Marry we'll fit, and mock Dame *Fortune* from her Wheel, that from henceforth her Gifts may be distributed more equally.

CAMILLA.

Wou'd we cou'd!--for in my Opinion, the blind Lady is mighty apt to mistake in her Favourites.

JULIA.

Indeed I think so too, and begin to be quite tir'd of her Partiality; but I think she's most apt to mistake in her Gifts to the Ladies.

CAMILLA.

Why so, *Julia*?

JULIA.

Why to those that are fair she seldom gives Virtue, and the Virtuous have rarely a large Stock of Beauty.

CAMILLA.

CAMILLA.

Nay, now Cousin you are mistaken, and wander from *Fortune's* Office to *Nature's*. *Fortune* reigns in the Gifts of the World, and not in the Lineaments of Nature. And perhaps she may not be so much in Fault neither, for I am afraid a great many of the homely are only virtuous, because they have no Opportunity of being otherwise.

JULIA.

You are keen, Cousin.---- But who have we here?----
Oh! 'tis *Hillario*.

CAMILLA.

With his Mouth full of News.



SCENE VI.

To them HILLARIO.

HILLARIO.

OH Ladies!—

JULIA, and CAMILLA.

Oh *Hillario*!—

(interrupting him.)

HILLARIO.

Nay, how cruel that is now to put a Man out just in the Beginning of his Story.

CAMILLA.

'Twas a little unkind, I must confess; but what was it you was so eager to tell us?

HILLARIO.

H I L L A R I O.

Pshaw ! you interrupted me, and put it quite out of my Head.

C A M I L L A.

Shall I help you out ? — I prophesy it was News.

J U L I A.

Some Lady perhaps run away with her Footman,

H I L L A R I O.

No.

C A M I L L A.

Has *Philantus* left off gaming ?

J U L I A.

Is Lord *Proteus* married ?

C A M I L L A.

Or has Count *Horatio* paid his Debts ?

H I L L A R I O.

Neither ; but to save you the Trouble of guessing any longer, I come to tell you, you have lost much Sport.

J U L I A.

Sport, you say ?

H I L L A R I O.

Ay, Madam.

C A M I L L A.

Of what Colour ?

H I L L A R I O.

Colour, Madam ! — How shall I answer you ? —

C A M I L L A.

As *Wit* and *Fortune* will.

J U L I A.

Or as the *Destinies* decree.

C A M I L L A.

Or e'en just as you please.

H I L L A R I O.

Or, a CURE for LOVE.

11

HILLARIO.

(after looking first on one, and then t'other for some Time.

You amaze me, Ladies.--- All, that I can say is, that there was a Tilt held to Day before the Duke, and you have lost the Sight of it.

JULIA.

Tell us the Manner of it then.

HILLARIO.

I'll tell you the Beginning, and if your Ladyships please you may see the End, for the best is all to come.

CAMILLA.

Begin then ; we are attentive.

HILLARIO.

There comes an old Man with his three Sons.---

JULIA.

An excellent Beginning for a Winter's Tale.

HILLARIO.

Three tall, proper, handsome, gentile, well-made young Fellows, as you shall see in a Summer's Day.

CAMILLA.

At Court on a Birth-Night, or in the Front Box at an Opera.

HILLARIO.

The Eldest marches boldly into the Lists to fight with *Dumain* the famous *French* Fencer.--- *Dumain* advances tow'rds him ;--- after a slight Pass or two--- gives him a Thrust in *Quart*,--- as thus ;--- whips him an Inch into the Sword Arm, and sends him bleeding to the Surgeons.

CAMILLA.

Poor Gentleman !

HILLARIO.

HILLARIO.

The Second he serv'd much after the same Manner ;--- only that was in *Tierce*, I think ;--- let me see ;--- Aye, aye, 'twas thus,--- But the third---

JULIA.

Aye *Hillario*, the Third !--- what of him ?

HILLARIO.

Why after a Traverse or two, the young Gentleman's Sword flew from the Hilt ; upon which *Dumain* generously threw away his and clos'd with him,--- and happening to be a little too strong for him, pitch'd him fairly over the Tilt-Rail, and broke three of his Ribs ;--- Yonder he lies,--- and looks so sheepish, methinks ;--- and the poor old Man mourns over him so dolefully,--- I protest 'twould do one's Heart good to hear him.

JULIA.

I pity him with all my Heart. But pry'thee, *Hillario*, what is the Sport, we have lost ?

HILLARIO.

Why--- this, that I have been telling you of.

CAMILLA.

Well, see now how one may live and learn ; I protest this is the first Time I ever heard that breaking Ribs was Sport for Ladies.

JULIA.

Or I either, I promise you. But come Cousin, shall we go and see the Remainder of *Hillario*'s Sport ?

HILLARIO.

It will be worth your while, I assure you ;--- but you must make haste, for it is much about the Time of the Onset.

(A Flourish of Trumpets.)

JULIA.

JULIA.

Hark, is not that the Summons?

HILLARIO.

It is; come Ladies, for Heaven's Sake--- I wou'd not lose the Sight on't for the World.

CAMILLA.

Lead on then without Ceremony.

(As they go out Camilla drops a Bracelet.)



SCENE VII.

Re-enter HILLARIO.

POX on't--- how unlucky this is? I shall lose all the Sport--- S'dearth, cou'd she find no other Time to lose her Bracelet in, but just when one is busy?--- (Trumpets without.) Hark!-- Aye, they're at it i'faith--- Wou'd the Devil had this Bracelet, I can't find it high, nor low. (Shout) So: There's Surgeons Work of one Side or t'other, I suppose--- Was ever such a blind Puppy? here's the Bawble just under my Nose all the while--- And I am much the better for finding it now:--- for all is over, I imagine--- (Shout without Vincentio, &c.)--- Aye, 'tis so, and by that Shout our young Champion should have got the Day. I'll in and see, however--- Eh, Pox of the Bracelet.

C SCENE



SCENE VIII.

(*As from the Tilt*) VINCENTIO (*People passing over the Stage.*)

VINCENTIO.

WHAT should this mean? His *Highbness* seems
displeas'd

At my Success: After the Fight he call'd
To ask my Name, and Family; of which
When I inform'd him, strait he frown'd, and said
He wish'd I had told him of another Father:
So do not I; by Heaven I'm proud to be
Ernesto's Son, and wou'd not change that Name
To be the Heir of haughty *Ferdinand*.



SCENE IX.

VINCENTIO, CAMILLA, LUCIA, and HILLARIO.

JULIA.

WERE I my Father, wou'd I have done thus?
Hillario talks apart with Vincentio.

CAMILLA.

My Father lov'd *Ernesto* as his Soul, and he was held
in

in high Esteem by all, who knew his Worth. Had I before the Tilt known that *Vincentio* was *Ernesto's* Son, I shou'd have giv'n him Tears unto Intreaties e'er he should so have ventur'd.

JULIA.

But come, *Camilla*, To-day he was our Champion, and we ought to thank him;--- perhaps it may be some poor Satisfaction to him for the Unkindness of the Duke my Father.--- *Hillario*.

HILLARIO.

Madam.

JULIA.

Say to the Gentleman, if he's at Leisure, we would exchange a Word or two with him.

HILLARIO.

The Princesses, Sir, would speak with you. (*To Vincentio*)

VINCENTIO.

Your Pleasure, Ladies?

JULIA.

To thank you, Sir: You've well deserv'd to Day,
And, were it in my Power, your Reward
Had been proportion'd better to your Merit.

CAMILLA.

Wear this for me, Sir; (*giving him a Bracelet*) all a wretched Maid can give;--- my Fortunes have been better.
Julia and Camilla retire.

VINCENTIO (*after a Pause.*)

Where am I? Lost in Tides of new-blown Joy
I have not Power to bless the Hand that raises me;
My panting Soul fled from me as she spoke,
And nought remains but a poor lifeless Coarse.

CAMILLA (*returning.*)

Did he not call us back?--- My Pride fell with my Fortunes.

16 *The MODERN RECEIPT :*

Fortunes, I'll ask him what he wou'd; --- Said you, Sir?

V I N C E N T I O.

Lady?

C A M I L L A.

You have fought too well To-day, and overcome more than your Enemies.

J U L I A.

Come, Cousin, will you walk?

C A M I L L A.

Aye. Farewel, Sir.

V I N C E N T I O.

My best of Wishees follow you!--

(Vincenzio stands looking after them.)



S C E N E X.

V I N C E N T I O, H I L L A R I O (apart.)

H I L L A R I O.

TROTH he's a good proper Gentleman, when all is done,--- and I'm much mistaken if somebody else does not think so as well as myself:--- There's something more than ordinary in his being sent for by the Princesses:--- He'll be a rising Man no doubt of it:--- Faith I think I'd best make my court to him. Mercy on us, what a Posture he's fix'd in!-- But mum, he recovers.

V I N C E N T I O.

What Passion hangs these Weights upon my Tongue!-- I cou'd not speak to her, yet she urg'd Conference--

• She's

She's gone ;--- but oh ! her Image is too firmly
Fix'd in my Heart e'er to be torn from thence.

H I L L A R I O.

Poor, Gentleman ! it's all over with him.--- Well, I
shall find a Time, and this will be News for the Ladies ;
I'll e'en leave him to himself.



VINCENTIO, and GENTLEMAN.

S C E N E XI.

G E N T L E M A N.

THE Princesses, Sir, in Friendship, will you to
quit the City instantly ; for although you have
well deserv'd the Friendship, Praise, and Love of *Fer-*
dinand, yet such is his Condition, that he misconstrues
all, that you have done, and weighs your Virtues in an
envious Ballance.--- Your cruel Brother too attempts your
Life by secret Means.--- Speed quickly from the City.---
A Moment's Dalliance may be dangerous.

V I N C E N T I O.

Bear to the Princesses my gentlest Thanks,
And say I am in humble Duty bound
To bless them ever.--- Pray you, Sir, inform me
Which of the two is Daughter to the Duke.

G E N T L E M A N.

The Shorter :--- The other's Daughter to Lord
Frederick, and here detain'd by her usurping Uncle
to keep the Princess Company. She stands fair in
all Men's Love, both for her Father's Virtues, and

her own. 'Tis thought the Duke has conceiv'd a Hatred against her, which will not long lie smother'd. Farewel, Sir; your Affairs forbid a longer Conference.--- If ever we meet hereafter, I shall desire more Love and Knowledge of you.

V I N C E N T I O.

I rest much bounden to you, Sir.--- Farewel.



S C E N E XII.

V I N C E N T I O (*alone.*)

I Must leave *Liege*.--- Well, be it so then.--- What are the Charms, that should detain me here? No, let me fly, and in some friendly Desart, hide me from the ungenerous World. There I shall be free from the Rage of an impious Usurper, and the Malice of an unnatural Brother.--- And is that all?--- If so, why do I loiter, and fear to move as though I rush'd on death?--- Sure something whispers me I've still an Interest here;--- *Camilla's* Charms!--- But what of her?--- Down my aspiring Soul, and meditate a Theme more suited to my lost, my wretched Fortune.--- And yet, methinks I'm not forbid to hope; he is a Wretch indeed that boasts not that. There should be something in sending to inform me of the Duke's Displeasure, and my Brother's Treachery.--- But all is hid within the mystic Book of *Fate*; to that I'll trust my Fortune.--- The same good Angel that inspir'd her then may savour me still farther.

Smile *Heav'n*, and ev'ry Star propitious prove,
And what I've lost in *Honour*, let me gain in *Love*.

S C E N E



S C E N E XIII.

JULIA, CAMILLA.

JULIA.

WHY *Cousin*! Why *Camilla*! *Cupid* have Mercy,
not a Word?

CAMILLA.

What wou'd you have me say?

JULIA.

Any thing--- No matter what.

CAMILLA.

Heigh ho!

(*Sighing.*)

JULIA.

Prettily sigh'd, I protest--- Pr'ythee *Camilla*, let's
have it over again.

CAMILLA.

Dear *Julia*, don't be so unmerciful.

JULIA.

Poor *Cousin*,--- was it vex'd?--- But it is all for thy
Father.

CAMILLA.

No, indeed, some of it is for my Father's Child.
Oh *Vincentio*!

JULIA.

Why you cannot be in earnest, surely?--- Is it possible
you can have taken such a Liking to *Vincentio* on so
short a Knowledge?

CAMILLA.

My Father lov'd his Father dearly.

JULIA.

JULIA.

And for that Reason you must love his Father's Son.---
A very pretty Consequence.--- By that Rule I shou'd
hate him, for I'm sure my Father hated his Father
dearly. Yet I cannot say I hate *Vincentio*.

CAMILLA.

No--- do not hate him for my Sake.

JULIA.

Truly 'tis a pretty deserving Youth.

CAMILLA.

Well, I'll love him for that; and do you love him
because I do.



SCENE XIV.

JULIA, CAMILLA, HILLARIO.

HILLARIO.

HA! Ha! Ha!

(Laughs.)

CAMILLA.

How now, *Hillario*?

HILLARIO.

Ha! Ha! Ha! Oh my Sides, my Sides!

JULIA.

Why what's the Matter, Man?

HILLARIO.

Why? Ha! Ha! Ha!--- Why--- yonder's poor Lord
Maximin a sweating, and swearing, and chafing, as if
he had not an Hour to live.

CAMILLA.

Aye! how so?

HILLARIO.

HILLARIO.

Why, you must know--- but I should first have told you, that the Duke for some secret Services had promis'd him the first Post that fell near his Person. Now, you know, the Lord Treasurer died about a Week ago--- upon which *Maximin* taking it for granted that he was the Man, whips me up in his new Coach, lac'd Liveries, doubles his Retinue, and hires a House to receive the Compliments of his Friends, as though he were already invested.

JULIA.

Well, what then?

CAMILLA.

His Highness (for some private Reasons, I suppose) taking it in his Head that he had promis'd to serve a certain Lady's Husband, sends for the Gentleman, invests him privately, and had just finish'd the Ceremony when *Maximin* begg'd Leave to kiss his Hand.— But to see how the poor Devil look'd when he saw Mr. *What-d'ye-call-um* there in the Chair——

JULIA.

Ha! ha! ha! Poor *Maximin*! I warrant the Gentleman will take Pet, grow weary of the Court, fall in Love with Retirement, and spend his Life in the Country.——

CAMILLA.

Till another Place offers. Ha! ha! ha!

HILLARIO.

Marry, I wish he does not go into a Convent— for he turn'd to a certain fat intriguing Abbot, and whisper'd him aloud, that he had so good an Opinion of his Conversation, and Way of Living, that he had Thoughts of putting himself under his Direction.

CAMILLA.

CAMILLA.

A proper Place for Improvement!— I wou'd as soon send my Son into *England* to learn *French*, or *Holland* to acquire Politeness.

JULIA.

He's safe however in one particular; for if he gains no Virtue there, he's sure of losing none.

CAMILLA.

Except it be that of sinning fairly, and appearing in his own proper Character.

HILLARIO.

I believe the only Objection he has, is, that he does not know readily what Religion to say he's of, should he chance to be ask'd the Question.

JULIA.

A very grand Difficulty, indeed;— best go over to *England* then, where it does not signify what he's of, or whether of any, or no.

HILLARIO.

Why, truly, they are a good honest, heathenish Sort of a People there, as I've heard--- but for that Matter, I believe we are not much behind-hand with them in that Affair; any more than the rest of our Neighbours: But--- Ha! ha! ha! Look Lady *Julia* (*Camilla appears Melancholy*) did ever Mortal see such a Romance in Folio?--- Why, Lady *Camilla*,--- what's the Matter?--- Why you're as dull as an Atheist in a high Fever, or a Girl of eighteen without a Lover.

CAMILLA.

I cannot always command my Temper, *Hillario*?--- I have Reason for my Melancholy.

HILLARIO.

Poor Lady!--- I'll be hang'd if she be'nt in Love now, if the Truth were known.— *JULIA.*

JULIA.

You have gueſt it, *Hillario*.

CAMILLA.

Believe her not, ſhe's only merry with you.

JULIA.

Upon my Honour 'tis true.

HILLARIO.

And upon mine, I believe it :--- Behold the Symptoms--- D'ye think to deceive me in ſuch a Caſe as this? Marry, then I've had all my Experience for nothing.--- Why I have been in Love myſelf, d'ye ſee, ſome forty or fifty Times now.---

JULIA.

Oh the fickle Monster--- not deſperately, I preſume.

HILLARIO.

Horribly, moſt intolerably--- but once in particular--- Ah! that once! I proteſt I tremble with the very Thoughts of it.--- I was ſo far gone, that rhyming and fighting were as natural to me as Lying to a Chambermaid, or Intriguing to a pamper'd Friar:--- Such Eyes! ſuch Lips! and ſuch a Shape--- O ye Gods!---

CAMILLA.

Poor *Hillario*! Why he's in Love yet.---

HILLARIO.

No, no, no, no: Hold there--- I am ſome two or three Stone better than a Man as much in Love as I was.

(Clapping his Sides.)

JULIA.

Pr'ythee how got you cur'd then?

HILLARIO.

Why one Day being in a little better Spirits than ordinary, I happen'd to ſay ſomething that pleas'd my Miſtreſs--- ſo what does me, I but takes her in the critical

cal Minute, whips her into the next Chapel, and marries her, and the Devil take me if I ever lik'd her afterwards.

JULIA.

Ha! ha! ha!-- A most excellent Remedy!—

HILLARIO.

A modern Receipt,--- a modern Receipt.--- But hold, ho! Who have we here?



SCENE XV.

(To them) A SERVANT.

SERVANT.

LADIES, his Highness desires your Company in his Chamber.

JULIA.

We'll attend him;--- Come, Cousin,--- and pray you be chearful.

CAMILLA.

As chearful as I can, good *Julia.*

JULIA.

Come on then;--- Farewel *Lover.*

HILLARIO.

Ladies your most obedient.

SCENE



SCENE XVI.

HILLARIO (alone.)

AYE, 'tis so; she has her Share on't, that's certain.--- Well, go thy Ways, *Hillario*; thou hast a good Guess with thee, I'll say that for thee.--- This must be Work for me, I see.--- I must after *Vincentio*, and see him, if possible, before he leaves the City.--- He hardly knows me yet,--- but he may be a good Friend in Time, and let me alone to manage him.--- Besides, if he should be gone, and I know not where to find him, we shall have the Devil to pay here;--- such fighting, and whimpering, and--- Ha! what's here? The Princesses return'd! They seem in Tears too, if I mistake not.--- What Mischief's a-foot now?



SCENE XVII.

(To him) JULIA, CAMILLA.

CAMILLA.

Banish'd without the Knowledge of my Fault!
Injurious Uncle! how have I deserv'd it?

HILLARIO.

How said you, Lady? banish'd!

D

C A.

CAMILLA.

Yes, *Hillario*.

Liege is too small for his ambitious Soul,
 Much less to hold a Rival in his Greatness;
 His Highness says, I am grown dangerous,
 And bad me with my speediest Haste dispatch,
 And leave the City; if To-morrow's Dawn
 I'm found within the Limits of his Dukedom,
 My forfeit Life must answer for the Fault.

HILLARIO.

Poor Lady!

CAMILLA.

When I begg'd to know the Reason,
 He turn'd, and with a haughty Frown, reply'd,
 I was my Father's Daughter.

HILLARIO.

Why so you was when *Ferdinand* depos'd him,
 And Treason's not inherited.

CAMILLA.

If it were,

What's that to me? My Father was no Traitor,

HILLARIO.

No, in Faith was he not.— Why Lady *Julia*!
 What not a Word?— Has Sorrow stol'n your Speech?

CAMILLA.

Look up, my *Julia*, it is worie than Death
 To see thee thus; thou hast no Cause for Grief.

JULIA.

Alas! too much *Camilla*; know'st thou not,
 When *Ferdinand* pronounc'd thy fatal Doom,
 He made me then a Stranger to his House,
 His Honour, and his Blood: I'm banish'd too,
 For we will never part; I'll follow thee,

And

And share in all thy Dangers.— All the Day
We'll toil together o'er the barren Waste;
And when the silent Shades of Night come on,
Together on the friendly Turf we'll taste
A sweet Repose:— What tho' alone and chearless,
Heaven will not fail to guard the Innocent.

HILLARIO.

Nay, think it not ;— you shall not know a Toil,
But I will have my Share on't ;— I'm not yet
So much a Courtier as to slight my Friends,
When the swift Turn of giddy Fortune's Wheel
Has thrown them from her Smiles.— I'll follow too.

JULIA.

That's kindly said ; come Coz, we'll never leave thee.

CAMILLA.

No, *Julia*, I'll not do thee so much wrong ;
You have a Father:— Live, live, and be happy ;
Forget, if possible, a wretched Maid,
Whose Friendship wou'd undo thee.

JULIA.

Oh *Camilla*!

You wrong me more to think I e'er can leave thee ;
No, let my Father seek another Heir,
For we will never part. Come my sweet Girl
Dispatch, dispatch, and let us fly from *Liege*.

CAMILLA.

Ah! whither can we fly ?

HILLARIO.

Madam, I've heard,
That good Lord *Frederick*, your Royal Father,
With those few faithful Gentlemen, that follow'd
His broken Fortunes, are in *Arden's Forest* ;
*Twere best we sought him there.

CAMILLA.

Come on then, but as 't may be dangerous,
 Maids as we are, to venture such a Journey,
 I think 'twere best I shou'd array myself
 In all Points like a Man ;--- the Shepherd's Hook,
 And plain Attire will suit our ruin'd State.
 You, *Julia*, in homely Ruffet clad,
 Shall by a nearer Tie be bound to me,
 And call'd my Sister.

HILLARIO.

At the Eastern Gate
 I have a Tenant, who shall furnish us
 With fit Disguises, Horses, and what else
 Our Need requires.

JULIA.

Thither let us haste,
 And with all Speed prepare us for our Journey.
 Lead on, *Hillario* ;--- *Ferdinand* good Night,
 I'm sorry thou should'st wrong, where I must right.

End of the First Act.

A C T



ACT II. SCENE I.

SCENE *the Forest of Arden.*

DUKE, ANTONIO, and other LORDS.

D U K E.



ELL, my Co-mates, and Partners in
Exile,

Hath not old *Custom* made this Life more
sweet

Than that of painted Pomp? Are not
these Woods,

These Plains enrich'd by bounteous Nature's Hand,
More free from Trouble, than the envious Court?

In Nature's Palace fearlessly we feel

The Seasons Difference; and when the icy Phang,

And churlish Chiding of the Winter's Wind

Blows on my Body, e'en till I shake with Cold,

I smile, and say this is no Flattery:

These, these are Friends indeed, that tell me true,

And kindly teach me how to know myself.

Believe me, Sirs, *Adversity* is not

That Monster, that our Fears wou'd represent her,

And tho' her Tree be bitter, yet her Fruit

Is passing sweet: Weigh but the Advantages

30 *The MODERN RECEIPT:*

Against its Ills, and you shall see the Scale
Of Profit sink beneath th' unequal Burthen.

ANTONIO.

I wou'd not change my Life again; and sure
Your Grace is happy, that can so easily suit
Your Disposition to your wayward Fortune.

DUKE.

Come, Sirs, what say you, shall we kill some Venison?
And yet it irks me, the poor dappled Fools,
Being native Burghers of this desert City,
Shou'd here, in their own Confines, be destroy'd.

1st LORD.

My Lord *Marcellus* grieves at that, and swears
We are worse Tyrants than your Brother *Ferdinand*.

DUKE.

Who saw him of late?

1st LORD.

This Morning, Lord *Antonio*, and myself crept close
behind him, as he lay supine beneath a rev'rend Oak,
whose leafy Honours bow o'er the Brook that borders on
Wood; thither a poor sequester'd Stag, that from the
Hunter's Dart had ta'en a Hurt, and from the Toils
escap'd, retir'd to languish; and, believe me, the
wretched Animal heav'd forth such Groans, that their
Discharge did stretch his leathern Coat almost to bursting;
and the big round Tears chas'd one another down his
trembling Cheeks in such Abundance, it wou'd have
mov'd a Man less human than *Marcellus*.

DUKE.

Food for his Melancholy. What said he?
Did he not moralize upon the Spectacle?

ANTONIO.

Oh much, my Lord, into a thousand Similies.
First, when he saw his falling Tears augment the swell-
ling

Or, a CURE for LOVE. 31

ling Stream, just so, quoth he, do Worldlings make their Testaments, bequeathing more to those who had too much already.

1st *L O R D.*

Then because he was alone; right, quoth he, 'tis easy known that thou art miserable, because alone; for Misery makes Solitude.

A N T O N I O.

Anon, a careless Herd, eager on Pasture, bounds swiftly by, and never stops to greet him: Sweep on, cry'd he, 'tis just the Fashion; yon Train of Stags are favourite Courtiers, and like them, neglect their Brother in Disgrace.

D U K E.

Heard you his Sermon out, or did you leave him in his Contemplation?

1st *L O R D.*

'Twas much about your Highness's Dressing-time, we therefore left him still commenting on the unhappy Deer.

D U K E.

Wou'd I had been there!

A N T O N I O.

'Twou'd much have pleas'd your Highness.

D U K E.

Belike so; I have not seen him lately. Know any of you where to meet with him?

A N T O N I O.

You know, my Lord, he does not quickly leave a Place he has once taken to; 'tis Odds we find him there.

D U K E.

I pray you bring me to him; I love to cope him in these sullen Fits; for then he's full of Matter. Along.

A N T O N I O.

This Way, my Lord.

S C E N E



SCENE II.

SCENE *another Part of the Forest.*

CAMILLA as JULIO, JULIA as FLORINDA, and HILLARIO.

FLORINDA.

HEIGHT ho! how weary are my Spirits!

JULIO.

I care not for my Spirits, if my Legs were not weary.

HILLARIO.

For shame, Sir, a young brisk Gentleman, and talk of being tir'd! Why 'tis not above some eight, or ten Miles since we quitted our Horses.

JULIO.

I could find in my Heart to disgrace my Manhood, and cry like a mere Girl; but since I represent a Man, I must make a Shew of Courage at least, and comfort the weaker Vessel; therefore Courage, good *Florinda*.

FLORINDA.

Pr'ythee, *Julio*, bear with me, I can go no farther.

HILLARIO.

For my Part, I had much rather bear with you, than bear you, I promise you. But come, who knows where we are?

JULIO.

Not I,—but here comes one, who, in all Probability, can inform us.

FLORINDA.

He seems a Native; you'll remember who we are, *Hillario*.

HIL-

HILLARIO.

I warrant you! you, Sir, are no longer Lady *Camilla*, but Mr. *Julio*, the Shepherd, (*to Julio*) and you, *Madam*—— (*to Florinda*).

FLORINDA.

Mrs. *Florinda*, the Shepherd's Sister. But soft, the Stranger's here.



SCENE III.

(*To them*) a SHEPHERD.

JULIO.

SHEPHERD, good Day: What do you call this Place?

SHEPHERD.

The Forest of *Arden*, Sir.

HILLARIO.

That's well, however.

JULIO.

Pr'ythee inform us if any Town be near, where we may rest a while; here's a poor young Maid that is not greatly us'd to Travelling, and almost faints for Succour.

SHEPHERD.

Ah! lack-a-day, Sir, you're a great Way from any Village, or House; but I have a little Cot hard by here, an you'll step there, such poor Refreshment as you meet with, is at your Service, as the Saying is.

HILLARIO.

Faith, a good honest Fellow this.

JU-

JULIO.

With all my Heart, Shepherd ; we are oblig'd to you, and will satisfy you as you require ; lead on then without Ceremony ; come, Sister.



SCENE IV.

SCENE a Grove, MARCELLUS discover'd sitting on a Bank alone.

MARCELLUS.

HAIL pleasing Horrors of the silent Shade ! Hail friendly Solitude ! how happy is the untam'd Savage, who wanders free along the gloomy Desert, and knows no Care but from the Calls of Nature, which himself can quickly satisfy, — whose peaceful Hours are ne'er disturb'd by the impertinent Salutations of Friends, or the cringing Grimace of Flatterers. — What Injustice ! what Cruelty is it that any one Creature, design'd by Nature free and uncontroul'd, shou'd be oblig'd by Laws to submit tamely to the many Torments his Fellow-Animals are so studious to load him with ! — How happy must our first Parent *Adam* have been in his blest Solitude ! how agreeable his Life ! till Woman, damn'd Woman, that Creature, worse, if possible, than Man, broke in upon his Rest, and tainted all his Joys. — (*A Noise of Horns without.*) Heavens ! that Noise forever ! Impious Men ! what Authority has Nature given you over your poor dumb Fellow-Creatures, that they must thus be sacrificed to your unnatural Pleasures ? Is it because you're stronger ?

So

So much the more Injustice, to hurt the Weak unable to resist you. Are they not Inhabitants of the same World, and born in the same Freedom with yourselves? (*Noise again*) Again! they come this Way too.—— S'dearth, I think they mean to hunt me; I'll try to avoid them.



SCENE V.

JULIO, FLORINDA, HILLARIO, and SHEPHERD *discover'd in a Cottage.*

JULIO.

SHEPHERD, we thank you, and assure yourself, if ever it lies in our Power to serve you, you shall not find us mere Court-Promisers.

HILLARIO.

Why aye now, Compliments will serve well enough for Grace after Meat, look ye; but before, faith, they are the worst Things that ever were invented. Sad Custom: Sad Custom.

FLORINDA.

Are there not some Strangers, Shepherd, that live retir'd in some solitary Part of the Forest?

SHEPHERD.

Aye, Madam, the old Duke of *Liege*, good Gentleman, that was banish'd by his Brother, with his Companions, lives in a Cave about a Mile off.

JULIO.

Aye, poor Gentleman, we have heard of him; how does he pass his Time in his Retirement?

SHEP-

S H E P H E R D.

Hunting, for the generality, furnishes him with both Food and Exercise ; there's seldom a Morning passes, but you shall see the good old Man up, and after a Stag, an Hour or two before Sun-rise.

H I L L A R I O.

What Company has he with him here ?

S H E P H E R D.

Why, there's one *Antonio*, and two, or three more merry Fellows, that are always with him.---And then there's one *Marcellus*, I think they call him, a melancholy Sort of a Fellow ;--- he's a great Woman-hater, and a Philosopher too, I think they say.

H I L L A R I O.

How d'ye know ?

S H E P H E R D.

Why, he reads much;---

H I L L A R I O.

Good.

S H E P H E R D.

Thinks more ;---

H I L L A R I O.

Good still.

S H E P H E R D.

Eats little, sleeps less, and speaks least of all.

H I L L A R I O.

All good.

S H E P H E R D.

And if he sees a Woman---

F L O R I N D A.

What then, Shepherd ?

S H E P H E R D.

He runs away, shuts himself up in his Cave, and prays for an Hour, or two after.

JULIO,

Or, a CURE for LOVE.

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JULIO, HILLARIO.

Ha! Ha! Ha!

FLORINDA.

Oh the Brute! I'm resolv'd to take a Revenge upon him in Behalf of the whole Sex.

HILLARIO.

So, so, here's like to be fine Work, if you once come at him; well, I say no more.

FLORINDA.

Where is this *Marcellus* to be found, Shepherd?

SHEPHERD.

About an Hour hence, he generally walks this Way; if you will then, I'll bring you where you may see him.

JULIO.

Do so, Shepherd, and in the mean Time here's for thy Civility, (*gives him Money.*) Do you know of any Farm to be let, or fold in this Neighbourhood?

SHEPHERD.

Marry, as good a one, as any in the Forest, hard by here, down by the Brook;--- 'twas old *Corin's*, but he's gone, poor Soul; he died, let me see, it's a Month ago, I think, come *Wednesday*.

JULIO.

Do you bargain for it then, and we'll be answerable for whatever you agree upon.

FLORINDA.

Do Brother, I like the Place much, and cou'd spend my Life in't.

JULIO.

Come, Shepherd, we'll take a little Turn about your Gardens, if you will, and then—

HILLARIO.

Hey for the Philosopher.

E

SCENE



SCENE VI.

MARCELLUS, ANTONIO (*meeting.*)

ANTONIO.

HOW now, *Marcellus*, how fares it with you ?
MARCELLUS.

Why well.

ANTONIO.

I am glad of it ; where have you been, that we have
not seen you of late ?

MARCELLUS.

In my Study.

ANTONIO.

Pr'ythee where's that ?

MARCELLUS.

The World.

ANTONIO.

Will you walk with me to the Duke's Cave ?

MARCELLUS.

No, 'tis too soon to sleep yet.

ANTONIO.

Why, who the Plague wants you to sleep ?

MARCELLUS.

What shou'd I do else in Company ?

ANTONIO.

The Duke has been enquiring for you all the Morn-
ing.

MARCELLUS.

I'm glad he found me not.

ANTO-

ANTONIO.

Pr'ythee why do you avoid him? he wants to have some Discourse with you.

MARCELLUS.

I know it, and therefore I avoid him.

ANTONIO.

Why are you so fullen, *Marcellus*?

MARCELLUS.

Why are you so impertinent, *Antonio*?

ANTONIO.

Come, if you'll sit down, I'll give you a Song.

MARCELLUS.

With all my Heart, I am melancholy.

ANTONIO.

Nay then, I will not, it will feed your Melancholy.

MARCELLUS.

I like it the better; I can pick Melancholy out of a Song, as a Chicken does Meat out of a Barley-corn.

ANTONIO.

But you know my Voice don't please you; besides I'm hoarse.

MARCELLUS.

S'death, I don't want you to please me, I wou'd but have you sing.

ANTONIO.

Ahem! Ahem!

MARCELLUS.

Pox o' thy hem,--- I wish you'd begin.

ANTONIO.

Well, are you for Love, or Mirth, or Satire, or---?

MARCELLUS.

Satire, dear Devil Satire, --- oh how I love a little honest Satire,--- it feeds my Humour,--- come, but no Love I pr'ythee.

Well, mark then.

ANTONIO *sings*

I.

AS Thyrsis one Ev'ning was on a Bank laid,
A soft mossy Pillow supported his Head,
His Quiver lay by him, his Bow was unstrung,
And thus in sad Numbers he mournfully sung.

II.

Alas! hapless Youth, must I still sigh in vain?
Shall I ne'er know an End to my Torment and Pain?
Ah! say, gentle Cupid, and ease my vex'd Mind,
Ah! when will my Silvia relent, and be kind?

III.

Young Cupid, who passing that Way chanc'd to hear
The Shepherd thus sadly complaining, drew near,
Accosted him kindly, sat down by his Side,
Then tun'd up his Voice, and thus to him reply'd:

IV.

When Courtiers speak Truth, and a Statesman's sincere;
When Knaves cease to flatter, and Atheists to fear;
When Lawyers are honest, Physicians have Skill,
And Conscience enough to cure more than they kill;

V.

When Pedants know well, what to others they teach;
When Priests learn to practice the Doctrine, they preach;
When Women are fair, and not vain of their Charms;
When a Tradesman is just, and a Soldier loves Arms;

VI. *When*

VI.

*When a Poet is modest, a Lover has Brains ;
When a Scholar's polite, and Sincerity reigns ;
When a brainsick Projector forgets to contrive,
And a true honest Man finds it easy to live ;*

VII.

*When dull politick Fools are of use to the Nation ;
When Virtue's esteem'd, and Religion in Fashion ;
When Arts are encourag'd, and Merit gains Praise ;
When we've Wealth in our Coffers, and Wit in our Plays ;*

VIII.

*When the World is unmask'd, and a Villain's Face bare,
And all Men appear what they nat'rally are ;
Then Silvia shall to her Thyrsis resign
All her Charms, and forever, forever be thine.*

IX.

*Must I all these impossible Changes attend ?
Gods ! cries Thyrsis, my Sorrows will ne'er have an End :
'Twere as easy as this to recal a past Day.
So he rose in Despair, and went sighing away ;*





S C E N E VII.

MARCELLUS, ANTONIO ; JULIO, FLORINDA, HILLARIO, *and* SHEPHERD *behind*.

S H E P H E R D.

THIS is the Place, Sir, where he generally spends this Part of the Day, I don't doubt but we shall find him ;—Oh, yonder he is to our Wish.

F L O R I N D A.

Where, Shepherd ? which is he ?

S H E P H E R D.

The nearest of those two Gentlemen.

H I L L A R I O.

What that hagg'd ill-looking Fellow in Black ? Why he looks like one of the Sons of *Noah*, in deep Mourning for his Great-grandfather : He must be an Antediluvian that's certain ; for I'm sure such People as he have not been in Fashion o' this Side the Flood. O' my Conscience if he had been in Fig-Leaves, I shou'd have taken him for *Adam* under the Apple-Tree.

F L O R I N D A.

Hush, *Hillario*, you forget that I am to fall in love with him.

H I L L A R I O.

Gadso : I had like to have forgot that, indeed ;— but I beg your Ladyship's Pardon.

JU.

JULIO.

Peace, he's going to open ; let us step aside, lest we disturb him.

[*During this Discourse MARCELLUS sits melancholy, holding his Head down, ANTONIO looking at him.*]

MARCELLUS.

Have you done ? Is that all ?

ANTONIO.

Yes.

MARCELLUS.

Pr'ythee give me some more.

ANTONIO.

No ; it makes you melancholy.

MARCELLUS.

Death ! I tell you I like it for that ; come, t'other Stanzo, Stanza, what d'ye call them ?

ANTONIO.

Just what you please.

MARCELLUS.

Nay, I care not for their Name, they owe me nothing ; but come, if you will sing, sing ; if not, leave me, that I may find some other Employment.

HILLARIO.

That's a little unpolite, methinks.

FLORINDA.

A little upon the free, or so.

ANTONIO.

Well, hearken then.

ANTONIO sings.

WHAT's Ambition ? 'tis a Toy.

What are Riches ? Pain and Trouble.

What is Fame ? a short-liv'd Joy.

What is Honour ? but a Bubble.

Who's

*Who's so happy then as we, who beneath the Greenwood-tree,
Where no Fear or Envy reigns,
While Time shakes his hasty Glafs, our Hours in endless Tran-
sports pafs,
And taste Life's Joys without its Pains?*

There Sir.

MARCELLUS.

More, more, I pr'ythee more.

ANTONIO.

I can sing no more.

MARCELLUS.

Then leave me, I am busy, and wou'd be alone.

HILLARIO.

Ah Pox! there's some more of his Freedom.

ANTONIO.

With all my Heart; 'tis near the Duke's Dining-
Time, and I must attend him; you'll not go with me?

MARCELLUS.

No, I'll try to sleep; if I can't, I'll go rail at all Man-
kind, and wish my Friends at the Devil.

HILLARIO.

By my Troth, a very pious Resolution.

ANTONIO.

Why, what a Brute art thou: Well, fare you well.



SCENE



SCENE VIII.

MARCELLUS, JULIO, FLORINDA, HILLARIO, and
SHEPHERD.

JULIO.

SEE, Sister, he's now alone ; shall we accost him ?
FLORINDA.

Oh ! by all Means ; but I've a Mind to attack him alone
first, therefore do you retire down that Walk, and leave
me to manage him.

JULIO.

Are you not afraid, Sister ?

FLORINDA.

Not in the least ; but, however, you may take care to
keep within Call.

JULIO.

Well, you're a mad Wench.—But come, *Hillario*, let
us give her her Humour for once.

HILLARIO.

Aye, or we shall have the Devil to pay, I suppose.

SHEPHERD.

Waunds ! Mistress, have a Care how you provoke his
Tongue.—

HILLARIO.

Ah lack-a-day, Shepherd, if he has no better Weapon
than that, Lord have Mercy upon him. — But come Sir,
we hinder the Lady ; allons. Success to you Madam.

SCENE



SCENE IX.

FLORINDA, MARCELLUS.

FLORINDA.

SO! let me see, shall I begin first, or shall I wait,
and see if he dares make the Attack? I'll walk to-
wards him however.

*[Walks towards him, MARCELLUS rises, and
going out meets her.]*

MARCELLUS.

Death, and Furies! a Woman in the Forest!

[Turns, and is going out at the other Door, but stops.]

Yet hold, sure 'twas some Phantom; I'm not us'd to fear,
and will be satisfied.

[FLORINDA walks carelessly by him singing.]

By Heaven a Woman, a very Woman; and, as I think,
a fair one too; what can this mean? I'm wond'rous ill
o'the sudden; my Limbs refuse their Office, I must sit.

FLORINDA.

Not yet?

MARCELLUS.

Hah! what am I doing? I shall be kill'd with Noise;
—she looks strangely impertinent; yet stay, perhaps she
cannot talk; as she has been silent so long, I have very
good Reason to believe so;—I'll e'en venture.

[Sits.]

SCENE



SCENE X.

MARCELLUS, FLORINDA, HILLARIO *listening*.

HILLARIO.

NOW can't I, for the Life of me, resist the Temptation; I long to see how Matters go between 'em, I must have one Peep.—

FLORINDA.

So! I find I must open the Scene at last. (*Aside*.)
Good Day to you, Sir; what alone?

MARCELLUS.

So, I thought it wou'd come, but I deserve it. (*Aside*.)
I was.

FLORINDA.

I saw it, and therefore come to keep you Company.

MARCELLUS.

I thank you; but good Faith I had as lief ha' been by myself.

FLORINDA.

Why so had I for that Matter; but for Fashion's sake, I oblige myself now and then to undergo the Fatigue of a little Conversation.

MARCELLUS.

Oh, your Servant, Madam; but for my Part, I must confess, I have not quite Complaisance enough to sacrifice my own private Satisfaction, to follow impertinent Fashions.

FLO.

F L O R I N D A.

Nor am I quite ill-natur'd enough, to force any thing upon a Person that's disagreeable to them ; therefore, Sir, you have free Liberty to retire as soon as you please, with my Promise not to follow you.

M A R C E L L U S.

Methinks, Madam, as I had first Possession of the Place, 'twou'd be more just for you to quit it.

F L O R I N D A.

Aye, but you know we Women are a strange unreasonable Sort of Creatures, and expect a little Deference to be shewn us on these Occasions ; besides, I find I have taken such a Fancy to this Place, ever since you desir'd me to leave it, that I'm afraid you'll not easily persuade me to quit it.

M A R C E L L U S.

Nay, as I have given you fair Warning, you can't take it amiss if I shou'd continue with you, tho' my Company may be a little disagreeable.

F L O R I N D A.

Not in the least, Sir ; but in return for your Complaisance shall acquaint you, that I am sometimes troubled with a kind of Fits that make me a little disagreeable too. As for Instance, I shall run on upon Nothing by the Hour, talk of Love, War, Business, Running, Sighing, Writing, Fencing, Billet-doux, Darts, Flames, *Cupids*, and I don't know what myself ; then whip, I skip off to, your Mines and Countermines, Scarps, Counterescarps, Bastions, Bulwarks, Parapets—

*[Seems to continue talking.]**H I L L A R I O.*

So! so! so! why she has put him to his Trumps already ; the poor Devil has not one Word to say for himself.

F L O.

F L O R I N D A.

And then for your Philosophers, I can tell you all about them from Top to Bottom; your *Plato's*, and your *Xenophons*, your *Socrates*, and your *Aristotle*; your *Cynicks*, *Stoicks*, and *Pythagoreans*; I can count over all *Ovid's* *Metamorphoses*, reckon up all *Pliny's* *Curiosities*, know how many Feathers were in *Dædalus's* Wings, how many Turnings in the *Cretan Labyrinth*, how far *Atalanta* ran in a Minute.—[*Seems still to talk.*

During the two last Speeches of FLORINDA, MARCELLUS seems impatient, and endeavours to rise, but is held down by her; at last he breaks from her, and rises.

M A R C E L L U S.

Death! can I bear all this? No, 'tis impossible; (*going*) yet stay.
These are Fits you say.

F L O R I N D A.

Yes, Sir.

M A R C E L L U S.

And are you often troubled with them?

F L O R I N D A.

Seldom without them, except when I'm asleep.

M A R C E L L U S.

Then Charity obliges me to stay, perhaps you may want Assistance.

F L O R I N D A.

Hum—— No, I'm generally best alone.

M A R C E L L U S.

You don't approve of my Company then?

F L O R I N D A.

No.

F

MARCEL.

*The MODERN RECEIPT :**MARCELLUS.*

Then I must inform you, I have taken a Resolution to be a continual Torment to your Sex, and am determin'd to stay, if it be only to plague you.

HILLARIO.

Aye do, Child ; but I can give a shrewd Guess who'll come by the worst of it.

FLORINDA.

Nay, if you are for that Sport, come sit down, and begin as soon as you please.

MARCELLUS.

I'll sit with all my Heart, but I hate talking.

*[They sit.]**FLORINDA.*

And I can't abide to hold my Tongue.

MARCELLUS.

Pry'thee try to be silent for once, and let us be good Company.

FLORINDA.

I'm afraid ; it may be dangerous.

MARCELLUS.

You're a Woman ?

FLORINDA.

I think so.

MARCELLUS.

And you will talk ?

FLORINDA.

I must.

MARCELLUS.

Ten Crowns to one then you open with Scandal.

FLORINDA.

That I can't fail, when I have so good a Theme for it before me.

MAR-

MARCELLUS.

Why you dare not rail at me?

FLORINDA.

I'll venture.

MARCELLUS.

But you shou'd first consider whether I deserve it, and for what?

FLORINDA.

Oh ! that's done already, and according to the general Character I have heard of you : Besides a little Skill I have in Physiognomy.—— I pronounce you to be as honest as a Lawyer, a City Tradesman, or a Deer-stealer ; as generous as a Miser, or an elder Brother to a poor Family ; as charitable as an old gouty Abbot ; as religious as a *Dutch* Sailor ; as sincere as a Courtier ; as polite as a *Hottentot* ; as sober as a Sea Captain, or an *English* Foot Soldier ; as humble and good-natur'd as a Footman to his Lord's Duns, or a Player to a poor Poet ; as courageous as a Bull-fighting *Spaniard* ; as---

[*Marcellus rises at the Beginning of the Speech, and walks about the Stage, Florinda following him. At the End he turns, and stops her Mouth.*]

MARCELLUS.

Hold, hold ; a Truce for Heaven's Sake ; deliver me this once, and if I ever undertake to rail with a Woman again——

HILLARIO.

You'll be sure to have the worst End of the Argument.

FLORINDA.

Look ye, Sir, 'twas your own Fault, I told you what you was to expect ; Heaven knows I wou'd——

MARCELLUS.

Death! She's beginning again; thank Fortune here's Relief coming, or I should certainly grow desperate, and beat her.



SCENE XI.

To them LORDS,

1st LORD.

HOW's this? *Marcellus* with a Woman! this is somewhat extraordinary.

MARCELLUS.

Gentlemen, you're welcome.

1st LORD.

'Tis the first Time we ever were so, I believe,

MARCELLUS.

Perhaps so,---but of two necessary Evils, I'm for chusing the least. Pr'ythee lead me somewhere to avoid this Fury.

1st LORD.

Come then, the Duke is just going to Dinner, and will be glad of your Company;---will you attend us thither?

MARCELLUS.

With all my Heart; Farewel *Virtue*. [To *Florinda*.

FLORINDA.

Adieu, *Valour*.

MARCELLUS *returning*.

Hark ye, thou Devil in Petticoats, take notice, that all the Evening, from five, this Bank is my retiring Place;---
this

this is the Seat of my Contemplations, and I claim it all to myself; disturb me not, as you value---

FLORINDA.

What?

MARCELLUS.

I know not,---farewel.---

FLORINDA.

Hark ye, thou Bear in Breeches;---about a Quarter of a Mile from hence, Northward, lies a little Cottage,---upon the Green before which I shall spend my Afternoon from two; come not there---as you value.

MARCELLUS.

What?

FLORINDA.

Peace.

MARCELLUS.

Agreed.---Farewel.---



SCENE XII.

FLORINDA, HILLARIO *apart*.

HILLARIO.

HUM—a good pretty new Fashion Way of making Affignations this:—Well, I have a strange Notion this Affair won't end so; 'twas pretty well fought o' both Sides.

SCENE



SCENE XIII.

To them MARCELLUS.

FLORINDA.

WHAT d'ye come back for?

MARCELLUS.

Only to assure you, that I hate you. Once more farewell.



SCENE XIV.

FLORINDA, HILLARIO *apart*.

HILLARIO.

T WAS mighty civil of you, truly.

FLORINDA.

Ha, ha, ha.—— Well, Gentlemen, you may enter, the Coast's clear.

SCENE



SCENE XV.

FLORINDA, JULIO, HILLARIO.

JULIO.

WELL Sister, what Success?

FLORINDA.

Is that a Question, when you see I keep the Field?—
Oh! I made nothing of him. In short, I manag'd him
so, he did not know which Way to turn himself.

JULIO.

Well, but what Use do you intend to make of your
Conquest.

FLORINDA.

Oh, let me compleat it, and I warrant I find a Use
for it. We have given each other a Challenge to meet
again this Afternoon: If he don't come to mine, I'm re-
solv'd not to miss his; and when I come at him again—

HILLARIO.

Let you alone to manage him:—Well, I find, after
all, we are but Novices in these Affairs,—for

In vain our Skill and Courage we may boast.

Set but a Woman to us, and we're lost.

End of the Second Act.

ACT



ACT III. SCENE I.

The FOREST.

JULIO *with a Paper, followed by* FLORINDA, and
HILLARIO.

JULIO.



AY, good Sister, don't teize me so.

FLORINDA.

Nay, but good Brother, by your Leave,
I must see it, and I will see it.

HILLARIO.

Aye, aye, come Sir, communicate,
communicate.

JULIO.

Well, hold then, and you shall hear it.---Mark, [*reads.*]

*Cease, fond Youth, thy idle Strain,
Thy Sighs, thy Sorrows all are vain;
Too well alas, my Fears divine,
Camilla never can be mine.*

FLORINDA *looking at the Paper.*

Either my Eyes deceive me, or I see in plain legible
Characters, C, A, M, I, L, L, A; what should this mean?

JU-

JULIO.

Heaven knows; either some Fairy has a Mind to sport with us, or one who is so wretched as to bear my Name dwells somewhere in the Forest.

FLORINDA *looking out.*

Hist Brother, keep your Post, I'll be with you instantly.



SCENE II.

JULIO, HILLARIO.

HILLARIO.

HOYTY toyty! What's in the Wind now? But, pray Sir, where did you find this Paper?

JULIO.

'Twas fastened to yon Elm.

HILLARIO.

Why 'tis a good portly Tree to look at, 'tis pity it should yield such bad Fruit.

JULIO.

Peace: Here comes my Sister, with another Paper.

SCENE



SCENE III.

To them FLORINDA.

FLORINDA.

SAVE ye Gentlemen, save ye, the Riddle's out at last ;
read that. [Giving a Paper.

HILLARIO.]

Vincentio!

JULIO.

Vincentio! Is it possible?

FLORINDA.

Even so, Brother.

JULIO.

Where found you this Paper, *Florinda?*

FLORINDA.

When I left you, I saw a Man fast'ning something to
yon Oak ; I thought at first Sight, he was not wholly a
Stranger to me ; and, upon a nearer View, who shou'd
it be but young *Vincentio*, with his Arms across, thus,---
and so melancholy I warrant ye.

JULIO.

Did you speak to him!

FLORINDA.

No; at Sight of me he left the Paper, and turn'd
this Way, as I thought.---I ran, and took the Paper
down.--- I suppose we shall see him presently.

HIL-

HILLARIO.

And see where he comes. We'd best stand aside a little, and see how he'll behave himself.

JULIO.

I hope he'll not know us.

FLORINDA.

I hope so too.



SCENE IV.

VINCENTIO ; JULIO, FLORINDA, HILLARIO (*apart*).

VINCENTIO.

HOW precarious a Condition is human Life ! How vainly do we promise ourselves the Enjoyment of Pleasures, which if we would give ourselves Time to consider rightly, we should find it impossible e'er to attain !

FLORINDA.

O' my Conscience I think he's turn'd Philosopher too : Look sharp, *Julio*, or you'll have your Lover quite spoil'd, I protest.

VINCENTIO.

I'm no sooner freed from the Tyranny of a cruel Brother, but I am condemn'd to languish out a tedious Life beneath the Torments of a hopeless Love. Oh *Camilla* ! why was not I Prince of *Liege*, and thou *Ernesfo's* Daughter ; I then, perhaps, might have been happy ; but as it is---

is---I'll think no more, lest my Brain turn, and I grow mad with Love.

HILLARIO.

Ah, poor *Vincenzio*, was it afraid they did not love him?

FLORINDA.

You had best speak to him *Julio*, and comfort him a little, or perhaps the poor Gentleman may take it in his Head, to lie down and die.

JULIO.

For once I'll take your Advice.--Holla, Friend.

[To *Vincenzio*.

VINCENZIO.

What wou'd you, Sir?

JULIO.

Pr'ythee what's o'Clock?

VINCENZIO.

It had been properer, in my Opinion, to have ask'd what Time of the Day; for I think you have no Clock in the Forest.

JULIO.

And is there no Lover in the Forest?

VINCENZIO.

What if there be?

JULIO.

Oh, your true Lover is an excellent Clock; he beats Minutes with his Sighs as natural as any Larum in *Europe*, and serves as well to detect the lazy Foot of Time.

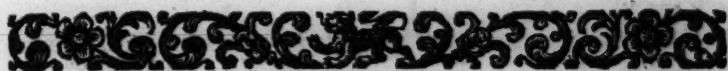
FLORINDA.

Come, *Hillario*, I see my Brother's engaged for one Hour at least; if you will, we'll take a Turn down this Walk, lest we interrupt him.

HILLARIO.

With all my Heart, Madam, I'll follow you.

SCENE



SCENE V.

VINCENTIO, JULIO.

VINCENTIO.

BUT pr'ythee Youth why not the swift Foot of Time ? methinks, that had founded better.

JULIO.

Why aye, it might so with some People perhaps ; for *Time*, you must know, has different Paces with different Persons ; there are some he walks with, others that he trots with ; with this Man he ambles, with that he gallops, and with another he stands stock-still,

VINCENTIO.

A pretty Youth this ; I'll have some Discourse with him. — Pr'ythee, young Gentleman, who does time walk with ?

JULIO.

Faith very few, I'm afraid ; but such as are rich without Pride, and Ambition, poor without Knavery, and Discontent, wise without Frowardness, and gay without Libertinism, find his Pace so easy, that they cannot be persuaded he goes faster than a Walk.

VINCENTIO.

That may be very true ; but who does he trot with ?

JULIO.

With a Usurer on his Death-Bed, and a young Spendthrift to the Expiration of a Bond ; both of them think he travels very unpleasantly.

G

VIN-

VINCENTIO.

Well, and who does he gallop with ?

JULIO.

With a Lover in his Mistress's Arms, and a Thief to the Gallows ; for let him travel never so slow, he's at his Journey's End with them in a Moment.

VINCENTIO.

But pr'ythee Youth, who does he stand still with ?

JULIO.

Oh ! with every body almost :—With a Maid between the drawing up of her Marriage Articles and the Wedding-Day ; with a young Heir, whose Father lives after he's of Age ; with a Poet between the Receipt of his Play and his Benefit Night ; and a Lawyer in the Vacation.

VINCENTIO.

There's something so surprisngly engaging in this Youth, I must be better acquainted with him. [*Aside.* Whereabouts in the Forest do you live, Youngster ?

JULIO.

About a Quarter of a Mile hence Northward.

VINCENTIO.

Are you a Native of it ?

JULIO.

I have heard my Mother say so, Sir.

VINCENTIO.

Methinks your Accent is a little finer than one would expect in so desert a Place.

JULIO.

I have been told so indeed ;—but I confess an old Uncle of mine that was a Courtier, and grew fond of Retirement, because he was thown out of Favour, taught me to speak :—Poor *Paulino* !—I shall never for-

get

get him ;——he was the merriest, best-natured Creature,——sometimes ;——and then he wou'd so rail at the Vices of the Court, and the Vanities of this wicked World, that I protest he has given me many a comfortable Nap in an Afternoon, when I could not sleep for the Tooth-Ach all the Night before.—— Sometimes he would touch upon Love too.——

VINCENTIO.

He understood it doubtless.

JULIO.

Aye marry, but too well ; for while he was at Court, he happened to fall in Love with one of the Maids of Honour, who slighted him forsooth ; ah ! it went to the very Heart of him.——I have heard him run on about a Fop, and an Opera, and an Assembly, and a Coach and Six, and a fine Coat ; and I don't know what all, for an Hour together.——Well, thank Heaven that I'm no Woman ; I wou'd not have all the Mischiefs that he has charged that Sex with to answer for, for the best Face in *Christendom*.

VINCENTIO.

Do you remember any of the principal Faults he accused them with ?

JULIO.

Principal ! Death Sir ! they were all Principals ; they were as like as these two Fellows : (*shewing her Hands.*) Ev'ry one was biggest till another was brought to match it.

VINCENTIO.

Pr'ythee tell me some of the Generals then.

JULIO.

'Tis not my Custom to throw away Physick where there is no Occasion for it ; but there is somebody hereabouts that's continually spoiling the Trees with scratch-

ing Names upon them ; and then he has hung such a Parcel of Songs and Dittys up and down the Bushes, that he has made a perfect Ballad-Shop of the Forest. Now if I could meet with that Fancy-monger, methinks I cou'd find in my Heart to give him a little Advice, for he seems to be in a desperate Condition.

V I N C E N T I O.

Suppose I were that Man, now what wou'd you say to me ?

J U L I O.

You ! marry, I'm not to be caught so ; you've none of the Marks upon you, that my Uncle taught me to know a Lover by.

V I N C E N T I O.

Marks ! pray what were they ?

J U L I O.

Oh ! I have them under black and white. (*Takes out a Pocket-Book.*) Let me see—Oh ! here—

V I N C E N T I O.

Well, examine me a little closer ; compare me with your Notes, and see what you'll think of me then.

J U L I O.

Never the better I'm afraid. But come—(*reads.*) *Imprimis*, a lean Cheek ;—you have it not.—*Item*, a hollow melancholy Eye ;—you have it not.—*Item*, a pale Countenance ;—you have it not.—*Item*, to muse, and to sigh, to talk to himself, and start on a sudden as if just awakened ;—you do no such Thing.—*Item*, to have the Collar unbuttoned, the Wig without Powder, the Coat undusted, the Stockings ungarter'd ;—the—

V I N C E N T I O.

Oh ! you're quite mistaken Child ; it might be so in Days of Yore indeed, but the Case is clean altered now : 'Tis a Lover's Business to please ; and one of these Fel-
lows.

Or, a CURE for LOVE.

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lows you describe, will go no more down with a modern fine Lady, than a Play without Satire, or a Carnival without masquing.——The Lover that would succeed now-a-days, must be a quite different Sort of a Creature, a mere *Petit Maitre*, a *Beau Garçon*. In short, he must fence, dance, sing, drink, rake, wench, and dress, or he'll have no Share with the Ladies, take my Word for it.

JULIO.

Well, you shan't make me believe you're a Lover yet; nay, you have cast yourself, for you agree as ill with your own Description as you did with mine.

VINCENTIO.

Faith! I'm sorry, my Dear, I have so little Credit with you; I wou'd fain make you believe I am in Love.

JULIO.

Me believe it! you may as soon make her you pretend to love confess she believes it:—And let me tell you, you'll not find that very easy, as Sincerity goes now: But come, tell me sincerely, are you the Man that makes all these fine Sonnets upon this same *Camilla*, and adorns the Trees with them in this Manner?

VINCENTIO.

I swear to thee Youth, by the lilly Hand, ruby Lips, starry Eyes, and heaving Breasts of the lovely *Camilla*, that I am the *He*, the very, unfortunat *He*.

JULIO.

And are you really so much in Love as your Rhymes speak you?

VINCENTIO.

Oh! far beyond, neither Rhyme nor Reason is sufficient to express how deep I am in Love.

JULIO.

Well then, out of pure Compassion, d'ye see, I'll do my Endeavour to cure you ; follow my Advice, and I warrant we effect it.

VINCENTIO.

Aye, but suppose I wou'd not be cured, Youth ?

JULIO.

But I can't suppose so, nor I won't suppose so ; and what then Sir ? Death Sir, d'ye think I have had all my Experience for nothing ? Shew me e'er a Lover in *Christendom*, that wou'd not be cured one Way or other, and I'll ne'er wear Breeches again.

VINCENTIO.

There is something so surprisngly agreeable in this Youth's Conversation, I can't bear the Thoughts of leaving him. I'll e'en trifle with him his own Way ; it may at least be an Amusement for a melancholy Hour. (*Aside.*) Well Sir, I have considered on't, and am resolved to obey you, begin your Instructions as soon as you please.

JULIO.

Why aye, this is as it shou'd be now ; I knew you'd come too. Come then, stand up, and look in my Face--nay, never be bashful, look boldly Man ; well, d'ye think you shou'd know me again ?

VINCENTIO.

Aye, tho' I were to meet you at an Assembly, or at Court on a Ball-Night, where most People appear as different from their natural selves, as a modern Beau from a human Creature, or a handsome Nun from a Virgin.

JULIO.

Well then, you must remember wherever you see me, to make Love to me, and call me your *Camilla*. Not only

Or, a CURE for LOVE.

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ly that, you must follow me to all Places, wait on me every Hour, sigh, kneel at my Feet, press my Hands, swear, lye, rave, and die if you please; in short, you must do every Thing as if I were your real Mistress.

V I N C E N T I O.

This is an odd Sort of a Remedy; but however, I'm determined to follow you.

J U L I O.

Well, come on then; but remember I expect you to be very constant, and very punctual: If once I catch you tripping——

V I N C E N T I O.

Fear not; but first let me know, where I may find you on Occasion.

J U L I O.

Follow me, and I'll shew you, 'tis not far.

V I N C E N T I O.

Lead on Sir.

J U L I O.

How! Sir!

V I N C E N T I O.

Gad so! *Camilla* I meant; I beg Pardon:

J U L I O.

Well, take care for the future. Come Sir, this Way.



S C E N E



SCENE VI.

MARCELLUS; HILLARIO *apart.*

HILLARIO.

WHAT a Plague shou'd Lord *Marcellus* want here now?---I'll be hang'd if there be'nt some Mischief o'Foot---Oh this is the Place Lady *Julia* was to meet him in.---Well, I did not think he wou'd ha' come I must confes.---Poor Devil! how she'll use him now! But mum, let's hear what he has to say for himself?

MARCELLUS.

Whither am I going?---What do I here?---Is not this the Place, I expect to see a Woman in, and consequently one, I ought to avoid, as I would a false Friend, or an Adder's Nest?---Well recollected;---I'll once more be Master of my Reason, and leave it before I see her:---Yet, why shou'd I?---What Danger is there in seeing her? I am out of the Power of any Mischief, she can design me:---I have trusted her with no Secrets;---deny'd her no Favours, and am secure from her Revenge.---Surely, I'm free from any Temptations, any Love-traps she can lay in my Way.---Let me see, I think I may venture: Yet she's a Woman;---what then?---Why under that damn'd Word is comprehended every Thing to be avoided. Yet sure she must be something more than the rest of her detested Sex.---Some Being perhaps of a superior Order: That gay Innocence, that noble Simplicity that appears in all her Actions confirm it:---Yet hold; am not I prejudiced

judiced to her?---But what shou'd prejudice me? I am no Love-sick, wishing Boy, to be insnared by the alluring Form of the deceiving Tempters.---It must be so.---What in the rest of her Sex is no more than Impertinence and Affectation, in her is but a becoming Gaiety, the natural Result of Innocence, Virtue, and good Nature.---Shou'd *Antonio* and his Companions hear me reasoning thus, what wou'd they think?---But what they will, I care not; it cannot be a Crime to plead the Cause of Virtue:---Yet, let me think a little:---Confusion! more Objections!--I'll think no longer; but on, and lose the Thoughts of Danger in the Midst of it.

*The wisest Method Dangers to eschew,
Is to plunge in at once, and boldly venture through.*



SCENE VII.

HILLARIO alone.

HA! ha! ha! an excellent Remedy:---Well, this was a most extraordinary Conflict.---I can't say but the Philosopher argued very well; not but the Lover answered as well too.---I must after-him, and see what it will come to.

SCENE



SCENE VIII.

FLORINDA *sitting on a Bank before a Cottage.*

I'VE waited so long for this Philosopher of mine, that I almost begin to suspect his Courage, and fear a Disappointment. Well, pray Heaven I an't in Love with the Brute after all---for I begin to find myself a little upon---I don't know how :---If so, I have jested to some Purpose :---If he should not come now, I should be strangely vexed methinks :---But I wrong him ; for see where he comes, with a Pace, and Countenance as solemn as a Bawd's at a Funeral.--Now I begin to find the Woman very strong in me ; I must plague him a little, tho' I must confess it is something barbarous ;--but we have it in our Natures, and I can't help it.



SCENE IX.

To her MARCELLUS.

FLORINDA.

SO! Sir, I see you're not afraid of a Woman ; or do you come to be troublesome ? I thought I had warn'd you from this Place.

MARCELLUS.

I came---

FL O-

Or, a CURE for LOVE.

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FLORINDA.

Aye, I see you came ; but for what ?

MARCELLUS.

Why ———

FLORINDA.

Nay, come I know what you wou'd say now : You had forgot this was the Place, or you came to gather Simples, or to read under the Shade of these Trees, or to fish, or to shoot, or to swim, or to walk, or to——

MARCELLUS.

Do any Thing but meet an impertinent Woman. Death ! What a Coxcomb was I ?--- I cou'd expect no better. *(Aside.)*

FLORINDA.

Come what signifies Dissembling ? You're in Love, 'tis plain, and come to see if you cou'd have Courage enough to tell me so.

MARCELLUS.

So !--- But since I have brought it upon myself, I must bear it out as well as I can. *(Aside.)*--- Well then, to shew you how much you are mistaken, I came to rail.

FLORINDA.

Dear Sir, begin then ; Scandal, you know, is the most agreeable Thing to a Woman. --- Well, if you did but know all my Acquaintance, that we might take 'em to pieces one after another, what a pleasant Creature you'd be !---- But come, begin with whom you please.

MARCELLUS.

You mistake me still ; I do not delight in Scandal ; speaking Truth is all I pretend to.

FLORINDA.

Oh Child ! Scandal of one's Acquaintance is always true,

true you know.--- Well come, say something, or I protest I must leave you.

MARCELLUS.

The only Thing I cou'd wish.--- I am determin'd therefore to be silent.

FLORINDA.

Then I shall have all the Talk to myself, and that will be still a Pleasure. Well, see how People may be mistaken; you have been represented to me as a meer Brute, but I protest, I think you the most agreeable Creature alive.

MARCELLUS.

Will neither talking, nor Silence rid me of your Company?

FLORINDA.

Rid you of my Company?--- Well, you are pleas'd to put on your little diverting Humours;--- but, pray, how come you to seek me?

MARCELLUS.

Why in short, I came out of pure Compassion, to tell you some few of your Faults; and first, that I think you the most impertinent of your whole Sex; that now you're young, you're fit to be seduc'd by the Flesh; and when you grow old, your Malice and Ill-nature will prepare you to be led away by the Devil.

FLORINDA.

Believe me, Sir, you'd make an excellent Monk; what Pity 'tis such Talents shou'd be lost to the World! I protest if I had any Interest at Court, I'd put in for the next vacant Priory for you.

MARCELLUS.

I'm afraid, Madam, I'm not qualified for the Office, for I shou'd hardly be Master enough of my Temper to talk calmly to a Set of impertinent Women, that pass
all

all their Time at Church in regulating their own Dress, censuring that of others, and practising Curtesies and Compliments against the next Ball-Night.

FLORINDA.

Oh ! I warrant you, your Complaisance for the Ladies would soon make you overlook these *fashionable* Faults ;---besides, we should have you in Love soon, and then you'd be as tame, and obliging, as a Poet behind the Scenes while his Play's rehearsing.

MARCELLUS.

I'd hang or drown myself sooner, than be guilty of so much Folly.

FLORINDA.

Why that wou'd be the most agreeable Thing you cou'd do ; What a Theme wou'd there be for the Wits to talk of ! We shou'd have dismal Ditties, with terrible newTunes, fung up and down, on the Triumphs of Love, or the Downfal of a Philosopher.

MARCELLUS.

Even that would be more tolerable, than Womens Impertinence.

FLORINDA.

I see no Room for Hope yet ; I have one Reserve, I'll try that upon him, and if it fail, 'twill then be time enough to despair. (*Aside.*) But are you really that Woman-hater, you pretend to be ?

MARCELLUS.

What have you seen in my Behaviour, that might give you Reason to doubt it ?

FLORINDA.

What if I shou'd be in Love with you then, must I despair ?

H

MAR-

The MODERN RECEIPT :

M A R C E L L U S.

Oh! cou'd I but see that;—I might hope some Revenge for your Impertinence.

F L O R I N D A.

Heigh ho! I fear you have your Wish.

M A R C E L L U S.

Hey day! a new Tun of Folly a-broach: I see I must be obliged to leave you in my own Defence.

F L O R I N D A.

Unhappy *Florinda*! how well is all thy past Indifference repaid by him, who only cou'd inspire thee with a Tenderness unfelt before! [Whining.

M A R C E L L U S.

Farewel.—Yet stay, if she shou'd be sincere, I shou'd, methinks, be the happiest of Mankind:—But she's still—a Woman;—I'd best retire in time, for I am but—a Man, and cannot be always Master of my Passions.—'Tis resolv'd. [Aside, going.

F L O R I N D A.

I like that Uncertainty,—it promises well; I'll push it further:—But see, he's going, I must be speedy. [Aside.] Can you then leave me? cruel *Marcellus*!

M A R C E L L U S.

By Heaven, I'd not stay a Moment longer to purchase the rich Treasures of the *Indies*.

F L O R I N D A.

Then go; and if it be possible for-ever. Ungrateful Man! is this the Return for all my proffer'd Love? is it so poor to be thrown back with so much Disregard? Believe me, whatever I appear, I'm not beneath you, or in Birth, or Fortunes. Still cold!—Oh! I cou'd grow mad, and curse thee:—But why do I talk thus?—I soon shall know an end of all my Sorrows; the friendly
Hand

Or, a CURE for LOVE. 75

Hand of Death spreads quick o'er all my Senses, and I shall soon be—nothing.

MARCELLUS.

Confusion! how she melts me! If I stay longer, I shall confess myself a Coxcomb; I'll try if I have Resolution enough to leave her. [*Aside, and going.*]

FLO R I N D A.

Not yet; once more. [*Aside.*] Stay Marcellus, and take one last Farewel; yet now it needs not, for all is done; and—Oh! [*Pretends to faint.*]

MARCELLUS running to her.

Death and Tortures! What has my Folly done---This can be no Counterfeit; she's gone, for-ever gone---Stay Fair-one, and take me with thee;--for I feel something at my Heart that pants, and tells me I can ne'er survive thee.

FLO R I N D A seeming to revive.

Why hast thou wak'd me from the welcome Death?--Ungenerous Man! too well I know, you but recall'd me to torment me more.

MARCELLUS.

No, by Heaven; Live, live thou Angel, and all my future Life shall pass in pleasing thee.

FLO R I N D A.

So, this is some Encouragement however. [*Aside.*] Is it possible? and can you love me?

MARCELLUS.

Oh for-ever: No anxious Miser ever doated more upon his hoarded Treasures: No pious Saint e'er pray'd to Heaven with half that Earnestness, I'll worship thee with.

FLO R I N D A starting up.

Ha! ha! ha! I'm very glad to hear it I'll assure you; It seems a Philosopher can be in Love then.

MARCELLUS.

Damnation! have you fool'd me?

H 2

FLO.

FLORINDA.

Why thou conceited Coxcomb, thou Compound of Pride, ill Nature, and Affectation ; what Charms in thy Mind, or Person cou'd furnish thee with the Vanity to think I was in earnest ?

MARCELLUS.

I always thought, and now am satisfied, that you are like all your damn'd deluding Sex ;---a Devil :---Farewel.

FLORINDA.

Hark'ye, Lover of mine, methinks I wou'd fain have thee damn thyself a little farther---and do one Thing before you quite forsake me.

MARCELLUS.

What is it ? Speak this Moment, or I'm gone forever : What must I do ?

FLORINDA.

Only swear you hate me.

MARCELLUS.

With all my Heart ; I hate your Sex, and thee above the rest. Farewel.



SCENE X.

FLORINDA *alone.*

AYE, aye, you may think so perhaps ; but I can see farther into your Heart, than you imagine. I think I have you pretty fast upon the Hook, and I'll not lose you for a little Care I'll promise you, tho' I must play with you a little : I think I've pretty good Encouragement so far ; and

Who'd not pursue, when by such Hope invited ?

A Victory half gain'd must ne'er be slighted.

End of the Third Act.



ACT IV. SCENE I.

MARCELLUS and HILLARIO meeting.

HILLARIO.

ELL encounter'd, my Lord: I wanted to ask you a Sort of a Question, and was seeking you.

MARCELLUS.

A Question of me Friend! Pr'ythee what is it?

HILLARIO.

Nay, 'tis no great Matter of Business; only as I was coming down the Forest this Morning, I observed you very familiar with the young Shepherdess *Florinda*: Now I wou'd be glad to have your Opinion of her; how d'ye like her Sir?

MARCELLUS.

Like her?

HILLARIO.

Aye Sir.

MARCELLUS.

As well as the rest of her Sex; she's a Woman.

HILLARIO.

Aye, one may guess that by a little Sort of a Qualification she has communicated to you.

MARCELLUS.

What's that?

HILLARIO.

Only the Art of Diffembling, Sir.—Why did not I see you make Love to her with all the Tendernefs of a Coxcomb of eighteen to his first Miftrefs? And after you parted, did not you fit down, and figh, and look as melancholy as a Girl that has ftaid paff the canonical Hour o' the Day ſhe was to be married.—Come, come Sir, confeſs, confeſs.

MARCELLUS.

You are merry Friend; but ſhou'd ſeaſon your Wit with Truth: I have other Reaſons for my Melancholy.

HILLARIO.

And you really are not in Love with *Florinda*?

MARCELLUS.

'Tis not in the Power of any Woman to give me a Moment's Uneaſineſs that Way; and leaſt I think in her's.

HILLARIO.

I'm glad of it; for you muſt know I have ſome Thoughts of marrying her myſelf.

MARCELLUS.

How Sir? you marry *Florinda*!

HILLARIO.

Ay, 'tis ſo. [*Aſide.*] Why not Sir?

MARCELLUS.

Let me but know you dare to think of ſuch a Thing.—No Sir, I'll have no more Procreation; the World's too full of Coxcombs already.

HILLARIO.

'Tis certainly ſo:—Poor Devil!—How I begin to pity him now. [*Aſide.*] Well Sir, no Offence I hope;—
upon

upon my Soul Sir I only jested.—But pray Sir, since you are not in Love, may I beg to know the Reason of your Melancholy?

MARCELLUS.

I love it better than laughing.

HILLARIO.

Aye, but Extreame in either are certainly ridiculous; and methinks you seem to indulge it rather too much.

MARCELLUS.

Perhaps so Sir: But there are different Kinds and Degrees of Melancholy; now mine is not the Scholar's Melancholy, which is emulative, nor the Musicians, which is fantastical; the Courtiers, which is proud; nor the Soldiers, which is ambitious; I am not politically dull with the Statesman, nor nicely with the Ladies: In short Sir, mine is a Melancholy of my own, extracted, like Honey by the Bees, from the various Objects of my Travels:—I have seen the World, and the Contemplation of it has wrapp'd me up in this same humourous Sadness.

HILLARIO.

How! a Traveller? nay then, I fear you've Reason to be sad: You have sold your own Lands perhaps to gain a Sight of other Men's; and, in my Opinion, to see much and to have little, is to have rich Eyes and poor Hands, 'tis the Prodigal's Curse.

MARCELLUS.

But I have gain'd Experience.

HILLARIO.

And your Experience makes you sad: Believe me, I had rather have Folly and Ignorance to make me merry, than Experience to make me melancholy, especially when I had travell'd for it.

MAR-

MARCELLUS.

Well Friend, all Men were not born to be of one Opinion:—Enjoy your Fancy, and I'll adhere to mine.

HILLARIO.

Why there it is now; I never knew a Man in all my Life mend by being told of his Failings; nay, he'll frequently grow worse, merely through Opposition, and to make the World believe he did not think himself on the wrong Side the Argument.

MARCELLUS.

Why do you find Fault then?

HILLARIO.

For Discourse. If it were not for a little criticizing now, and then, a Man wou'd be at a Loss to keep up the Spirit of a Conversation.

MARCELLUS.

But 'tis ill-natur'd to find Fault with no other Design than to promote a foolish Mirth; and may be dangerous.

HILLARIO.

Not at all Sir; for tho' I displease one Person, I oblige a great many; for there's no one, but is fond of hearing his Neighbour's Imperfections, tho' ever so impatient at a Repetition of his own: Beside, there are particular Ways of doing it;—as for Instance,—I tell *Cosmelia* she has a fine Complexion,—she takes it all for Gospel, while the rest of the Company know I'm rallying her on the long Streaks of Vermillion, and White Lead, that cover her Deformity.—Again,—My Lord, says I to a great Man,—a Man of your Lordship's Sincerity is a Miracle in an Age like this:—He answers me with a Bow,—and a Smile, far different from that of the rest of the Company, who know him for one of the most deceitful Hypocrites about the Court.—In short, Sir, my
Method

Or, a CURE for LOVE. 81

Method of rallying is to praise a Man for a Virtue he particularly wants; and with me a Cardinal is the most humble, a Lawyer the most honest, and a Soldier the most religious of all Mankind.

MARCELLUS.

But pr'ythee Friend, how can you reconcile this to your Conscience?

HILLARIO.

My Conscience, Sir, is so good-natur'd, as never to give me the least Uneasiness about it. Why *Qui vult decipi, decipiat*. If the World will be so foolish, as to swallow gross Flatt'ry, let it: and if no one thinks the Fool's Cap fits him, why should I make it appear that it does? I tell no Man directly he's a Fool, but am content with railing at the Gross; and believe me Sir, in a general Satire, no Man will have so bad an Opinion of himself, as to think his own Character particularly aim'd at.

MARCELLUS.

Well, Heaven send me far from a Place, where Flattery, and Fraud are openly profess'd.

HILLARIO.

Let us see now which of us two upon Examination will prove most in the right? I for making myself merry with the Follies of the World, or you for continually fretting at them?—Is not all the World mad?—and will it not continue so in Spite of your Philosophy? Your Citizen's mad for trusting the Courtier with his Goods, and his 'Prentice with his Wife: Your Courtiers are mad for believing one another: The Lawyer's mad for selling his Soul for a Fee, which his Client's more mad for giving him: The Lover's as mad with Jealousy, as his Mistress is with Vanity;—And, in short, a Madness of one Kind or other, is as natural to a Man, as 'tis for a Woman to believe you when you praise her Beauty.

MAR-

MARCELLUS.

I think, Sir, you are acquainted with the World.

HILLARIO.

Aye Faith, I know enough to be tir'd of it, as well as you :--I was Fool enough, upon my first coming into it, to fancy Defert the only Way to Promotion, and so set up for being very wise ;---but I soon found there was little to be got that Way, and e'en turn'd Fool : Upon this I was immediately carefs'd by every Body, and loaded with Preferment, when there was no Danger of my being thought wiser than my Patrons, and Assistants.

MARCELLUS.

It seems to me a Contradiction to suppose Folly a Recommendation in a Man.

HILLARIO.

Why I don't know how it may be in other Places; but in our Country I'm sure he'll find himself damnably mistaken, that thinks Merit any Step to Advancement.

MARCELLUS.

That may possibly be owing to the Management of those, who are at the Head of Affairs, who do not care to introduce a Man of Sense, or a fine Genius, lest he shou'd discover the Frauds in their Behaviour, or out-shine, and supplant them.

HILLARIO.

Doubtless Sir; and for that Reason I have always thought that People must be blest'd, and such there are 'tis said even now, the happy Subjects of a *neighbouring Monarch*, who are under the Direction of a *Minister*, whose superior Genius makes him despise such Arts; who always pays a due Regard to Merit, and thinks it his greatest Happiness to have it in his Power to be serviceable to such, as deserve well of their Country.

M A R-

MARCELLUS.

Happy People!--And yet perhaps they taste it not; for even Blessings cloy when in the Possession of Wretches who know not how to prize them as they ought.--But pray Sir what makes you so inveterate against the Court? I thought you said just now you belong'd to it.

HILLARIO.

Oh, 'tis the Fashion Sir; no one can be reckon'd a Man of Wit now, till he has thrown off Religion, and learn'd to rail at the Court, and the Clergy; one for being too powerful, the other too rich, and too proud.--But to be plain with you, Sir, I am but a second-hand Sort of a Courtier at present; for I have lost my Place, and am out of Favour.

MARCELLUS.

Oh! your humble Servant Sir; if you had but given me that Reason first, I'd have excus'd you any other.

HILLARIO.

But come, enough of Trifles.--Now Sir, if you are not so far gone as to be deaf to good Advice, and think the Man impertinent that gives it, I have something to propose, which perhaps may be to your Advantage.

MARCELLUS.

Well Sir, begin then; I shall at least indulge you a Hearing;--or do you wait for the usual Symptoms of a Client?

HILLARIO.

No Sir, I shall for once break thro' a Court Custom, and give my Advice without a Fee.

MARCELLUS.

Perhaps it may be worth as little as you ask for it.

HILLARIO.

That's as it shall happen.--In short, Sir, I see your generous Temper, and approve of it; and before I proceed

ceed shall give you a Mark of my Confidence, by trusting you with a Secret, which is that I despise a Fool in my Heart as much, as you do ; but finding that Fortune bestow'd her Favours on none but those, that least deserv'd them, I assumed the Character I condemn ; my only Recommendation was Flattery, railing at the Absent, and caressing the Present : This, Sir, was no small Advantage to my Fortune, as well as my Reputation.

MARCELLUS.

Well Sir, all this you told me before : But what is it you wou'd propose to me ?

HILLARIO.

What I wou'd tell you is this :—The Lady you are in Love with—Nay, never start, for I both see, and know it ; even your Manner of denying it just now, convinc'd me more fully of it—That Lady, I say, is of a Birth, and Fortune, that may challenge the noblest Man in Germany.

MARCELLUS.

I fear 'tis in vain to deny it ;—sure there is something particular in Love, which distinguishes those, that are troubled with it from other Men. [*Aside.*] I must confess Sir—

HILLARIO.

Come never make Excuses ; 'tis what we are all subject to, and no Man need be ashamed of---If you'll trust to my Management, I'll order it so that your Conduct shall not be in the least subject to Ridicule, and the whole Affair seem rather forc'd upon you, than of your own seeking.

MARCELLUS.

Well Sir, I must acknowledge that I think that Lady has Beauty, and your Sincerity and good Nature ; and if my Opinion of you increases in Proportion to what it has done already, I don't know but I may be weak enough

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to be reconcil'd to the World again :---But an Alteration too sudden may not be altogether proper.

HILLARIO.

I warrant we order Matters well enough for that ; when you see her again let her not perceive the least Change in you, but receive her as you us'd to do.—— Oh ! she's coming yonder with her Brother ; walk this Way with me, it may not be proper to venture on an Encounter yet, till you have consider'd your own Strength a little.

MARCELLUS.

I will but take one Look, and follow you.

HILLARIO.

Nay, if you'll not be rul'd, good by t'ye.

MARCELLUS.

Lead on Sir.——Oh Woman ! Woman ! that it shou'd be in thy Power to effect such Changes. How has one Day's Love alter'd me !

HILLARIO.

For the better, I warrant you.——Come on.



SCENE II.

JULIO, FLORINDA.

WELL Ccz, how do you find yourself now ?

JULIO.

But so so, I must confess ; I'm in a thousand Fears lest this Lover of mine shou'd not come.

I

F L O

FLORINDA.

If he knew you to be his real *Camilla*, you might then be uneasy at his Neglect ; but while you keep him ignorant of that, and only meet him to fool away an Hour, if he does make a little Slip in Punctuality, I think there's no great Harm in it.

JULIO.

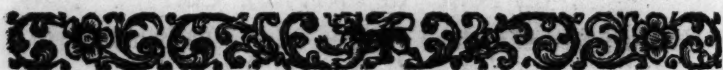
Well, I must keep up my Spirits as well I can, tho' I own I am heartily tir'd of this Fooling.

FLORINDA.

So is he, I'll engage for him. — Yonder he comes I see — I'll leave you together. Well, by t'ye Coz — I'll be with you again before your Love Scene's over.

JULIO.

I shall expect you.



SCENE III.

VINCENTIO, JULIO.

JULIO.

SO Sir, you're a pretty Lover indeed, to make your Mistress wait for you after this Manner.

VINCENTIO.

Why, dear *Camilla*, I come within an Hour of my Promise.

JULIO.

Break an Hour's Promise in Love ! — He that will divide a Minute into a thousand Parts, and break but the thousandth Part of a Division in Love Affairs, it may be

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be said of him that *Cupid* has clapp'd him o'th' Shoulder,
but I'll warrant him Heart-whole.

V I N C E N T I O.

I pr'ythee pardon me this once.

J U L I O.

Nay, if you're so tardy, come no more in my Sight ;
I'd as lief be woo'd of a Snail.

V I N C E N T I O.

Of a Snail !

J U L I O.

Aye, of a Snail ; for tho' he comes slow, yet he brings
his House on his Back, which I think is a better Jointure
than you can make a Woman ; besides, he brings his
Destiny with him.

V I N C E N T I O.

What's that ?

J U L I O.

Horns ; which such as you are fain to be beholden to
your Wives for ; but he comes arm'd in his Fortune, and
saves the good Woman the Scandal.

V I N C E N T I O.

Virtue is no Horn-maker, and my *Camilla* is virtuous.

J U L I O.

And I am your *Camilla*.

V I N C E N T I O.

You will have me call you so.

J U L I O.

Well, leave fooling, and woo me then, for I'm in a
Holiday Humour, and like enough to consent—Come,
what wou'd you say to me if I were really your *Ca-*
milla ?

V I N C E N T I O.

I wou'd first salute you.

I 2

J U L I O.

JULIO.

'Twere better Sir, in my Opinion, to defer the Kifs till you found yourself at a Loss for Matter ; you might then introduce it to fill up a Vacancy : I think when a Lover has spent all his Rhetorick, a Kifs relieves him as genteelly, as a Cough does a Pleader when he does not know how to proceed in his Discourse.

VINCENTIO.

What if the Kifs be denied ?

JULIO.

It gives convenient Matter for Argument : The Lady must be intreated, and the Lover defend himself.—Go to, what a Novice you are.

VINCENTIO.

No Man can surely be so dull to want for Matter on so fair a Theme.

JULIO.

You have a much better Opinion of your Mistress's Person, than her Wit then, to think she cou'd not soon put a Man, as deep in Love as you pretend to be, to a Loss for Discourse ; Why you see you hardly know what to say to me, who only represent her. But come, let's try you once more ; I speak for her, and say I'll not have you.—Ha ! ha ! ha ! you're a pretty Fellow for a Lover indeed, to be struck mute at the first Denial—You shou'd rather have taken my Hand with a brisk Air, given it ten thousand Kisses, and swore that this was the happiest Minute of your Life, since it had always been a Custom in Love to read Women like *Hebrew*, backwards—Come, try again.—I say, I hate you.

VINCENTIO.

If *Camilla* were to say so, I shou'd die.

JULIO.

JULIO.

Lud! lud! lud! you're quite wrong—I shou'd die!—You're one of the dullest Scholars—Why d'ye think *Camilla* wou'd like you e'er a Bit the better for dying? no, no Child, the Ladies don't know what to do with a dead Lover, 'tis the living they have Occasion for Besides, I hope you wou'd not go to bring up an ill Custom: And pray when did you ever hear of any body, that died for Love? *Troilus* got knock'd o'th' Head for peeping in at *Diomedes*'s Tent, when he was transacting some private Affairs; and I warrant you he died for Love: Poor *Leander*, as he was swimming in the *Helleſpont* in a fine Summer's Evening, was taken with the Cramp, and drown'd, and yet he died for Love too I suppose; all your great Heroes died for Love: No, no Sir, 'tis true Men have dy'd in all Ages, but none of them for Love, believe me.

VINCENTIO.

You are merry Youth; but I wou'd not have my right *Camilla* o' this Mind for the World:—I'm sure her Frown wou'd kill me.

JULIO.

By this Light it wou'd not kill a Fly: But come, since you bear Adversity so ill, let's see how good Fortune will fit upon you; as thus now;—I will be your *Camilla* in a kinder Disposition, and do just, as you wou'd have me.

VINCENTIO.

Then pr'ythee love me.

JULIO.

Yes Faith will I, Fast-Days, Lent, and all.

VINCENTIO.

And will you have me?

JULIO.

Aye, and twenty such.

VINCENTIO.

How !

JULIO.

Are not you good ?

VINCENTIO.

I hope so.

JULIO.

Go to ; can one have too much of a good Thing ?—
Well, but I'm to have you, you say ; and see here comes
my Sister opportunely to marry us.



S C E N E IV.

*To them FLORINDA.**JULIO.*

COME Sister, we have agreed upon the Matter,
and you come very luckily to stand Priest for us.

FLORINDA.

I do not know the Words.

JULIO.

How ! a brisk, unmarried Girl, and not know Ma-
trimony by Heart ! Oh wonderful !—But come, we'll in-
struct you.—Lord ! how dull the Thing is !—What no
Thanks ? no Raptures ?

*[To Vincentio.]**VINCENTIO.*

No Faith ! I know better Things, than all that ; you
know I'm to read Women backward my Dear.

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JULIO.

Gad so! that's true; but that's only when they're in an ill Humour, or so; but when a Woman consents to her own Advantage, you may be sure that then at least she speaks Truth.

VINCENTIO.

Well, I always look'd upon Women as a Mystery, and as such have reverenc'd them.---(*A Horn sounds.*) Hark, I am call'd; my dear *Camilla*, I must leave you for two Hours.

JULIO.

Alas! dear Love! I cannot lack thee two Hours.

VINCENTIO.

I must now attend the Duke, who has receiv'd me into his Service; by two o'th' Clock I will be with you again.

JULIO *whining.*

Well, go your Ways, go your Ways; I knew what you wou'd prove, my Friends told me as much, and I thought no less;---that flatt'ring Tongue of yours won me; 'tis but one Castaway, and so come Death.---Two of the Clock is your Hour you say?

VINCENTIO.

Aye, my sweet *Camilla*.

JULIO.

Well, by my Troth, and in good Earnest, and as I hope to be better, and by all the pretty Oaths, that are not dangerous; if you break one Jot of your Promise, or come one Minute behind your Hour, I will think you the most pathological Break-promise, the most hollow Lover, and the most unworthy of her, you call *Camilla*, that may be chosen out of the gross Band of the Unfaithful; therefore beware my Censure, and keep your Promise.

VIN-

VINCENTIO.

With no less Exactness, than if you were my real *Ca-*
milla; till then adieu.



SCENE V.

JULIO, FLORINDA,

JULIO.

NOW let that same wicked Bastard of *Venus*, that was begot of Thought, conceiv'd of Spleen, and born of Madnes; that blind, rascally Boy, that abuses every one's Eyes, because his own are out; let him I say, be Judge how deep I am in Love: I tell thee *Florinda* I cannot live out of the Sight of *Vincentio*; I'll go find a Shadow, and sigh till he comes.

FLORINDA.

And I'll go sleep.



SCENE



SCENE VI.

To them HILLARIO.

HILLARIO.

I Fancy I shall find you better Employment, Lady o' mine; for I have been doing such Things---

FLORINDA.

What Things *Hillario*?

HILLARIO.

Why I have persuaded your Philosopher to be reconcil'd to you--I suppose you'll have him with you quickly--the poor Devil's over Head and Ears in Love, and has very civilly set me to pimp for his Lordship.

JULIO.

Why this is News indeed *Hillario*!

HILLARIO.

You'll find it true, I'll promise you; and so Lady *Julia*, if you don't teize him a little, now you have him fairly in your Power,—I'll say you're no Woman.

FLORINDA.

Oh! never fear it, I like the Sport, and will about it instantly.

HILLARIO.

Hark'ye, never spare him, you may play with him very safely, for I'll warrant him fast enough upon the Hook:---And a---he'll begin a little rough at first I don't doubt; but don't be discourag'd, 'tis all Policy, and in a little

little Time you'll find him as tame, and complying, as you wou'd wish.

F L O R I N D A.

I'm on Fire till I begin.---Adieu Brother.---Business must not be neglected.



SCENE VII.

JULIO, HILLARIO.

HILLARIO.

AN Introduction to playing the Fool all one's Lifetime, is very pretty Business truly---But how stand Affairs with you Sir? When saw you your Lover last?

JULIO.

I parted from him this Moment: Pr'ythee, *Hillario*, what dost think of him? may I venture to believe he loves me?

HILLARIO.

Hum---I believe he may a little for the present---I won't answer for him some two Months hence, if you shou'd chance to marry within these six Weeks.

JULIO.

Why, as you say, Marriage does alter People strangely, sometimes; but I must confess, I believe *Vincentio* will be constant I'm sure, 'twou'd break my Heart to find him otherwise.

HILLARIO.

Why how unreasonable that is now; wou'd you have a Man feed upon one Dish for-ever?

JU.

JULIO.

Why not? if it be wholesome, and proper Food.

HILLARIO.

Now I'm of another Opinion, let him rove a little, and when he has surfeited himself abroad, he'll begin to like his Home Fare the better.

JULIO.

Well, you may say what you will, but I'm persuaded *Vincentio* will be constant.

HILLARIO.

Yes, as a Child to one Plaything, be pleas'd with you for a Day, and then good bye t'ye Madam Wife.

JULIO.

If one were to mind you, one shou'd never marry.

HILLARIO.

Why Faith, I'm for advising all my Friends for the best; but I see you're past Counsel, therefore speed you together I say,---Soft a while, who comes here?



SCENE VIII.

To them a GENTLEMAN.

GENTLEMAN.

GOOD Day t'ye Gentlemen, can you inform me Where in the Purlieus of the Forest, stands A Sheep-cote fenc'd around with Olive Trees?

JULIO.

The Western Path along the neighbouring Bottom,
(The Rank of Ofiers by the murm'ring Stream

Left

Left on the Right) will bring you to the Place ;
But at this Hour the House doth keep itself.

GENTLEMAN.

If Credit may be given to Description,
I then shou'd know you for the Owner of it ;
Such Garments, and such Years ; are you the Youth
Vincentio calls in Sport his dear *Camilla* ?

JULIO.

'Tis no great Boast I think to say I am.

GENTLEMAN.

That noble Gentleman commends him to you,
And, (for unluckily detain'd) intreats you
To hold him from his Word a while excus'd ;
Mean Time, in Sign of his unspotted Faith,
He begs you to receive this bloody Handkerchief.

[Giving a Handkerchief.]

JULIO.

What must we understand by this I pray you ?

GENTLEMAN.

You may remember when he parted from you
He left a Promise to return again
Within two Hours ; but pacing thro' the Forest
In silent Thought, he threw his Eye aside
On a low Bank, beneath a reverend Oak,
Moss'd o'er with Age, and bald of dry Antiquity ;
Where the good Duke in gentle Slumbers lay,
While round his Neck a green, and gilded Snake,
Had wreath'd itself, and swift in Threats approach'd
The Op'ning of his Mouth ; But suddenly
Seeing *Vincentio*, it unlink'd itself,
And with indented Glides did slip away
Into a neighb'ring Bush, beneath whose Shade
A Lioness, with Udders all drawn dry,
Lay couching, and with silent Watch observ'd

When

When that the sleeping Prince shou'd stir ; for 'tis
The royal Disposition of that Beast
To prey on nothing, that doth seem as dead.

JULIO.

Alas ! my Fears ! [*Aside.*] And did *Vincentio* leave him
Food to the parch'd, and hungry Lions ?

GENTLEMAN.

No, swift as Lightning on the Beast he flew,
Which quickly fell before him.

JULIO.

Gen'rous Youth !

[*Aside.*]

GENTLEMAN.

The Duke i'th' Scuffle by the Noise awoke,
And having thank'd him for the kind Deliv'rance,
Back to the Cave together they return'd :
Vincentio, feeling an unusual Pain,
Here stripp'd himself, and found that from his Arm
The Lions had torn some Flesh away,
Which being bar'd, in great Abundance bled ;
With Loss of Blood he fainted ; we recover'd him,
And bandag'd up his Wound ; when calling me,
He sent me hither, Stranger as I am,
To tell the Tale, and give this Handkerchief,
Stain'd with his Blood, to thee fair Youth.

JULIO.

Ah me !

[*Faints.*]

HILLARIO.

Why how now ! *Julio*, sweet *Julio*.

GENTLEMAN.

Many will swoon when they do look on Blood.

HILLARIO.

There is no more in it. Why *Julio* !

GENTLEMAN.

Look ! he recovers.

[*Julio recovers.*]

K

JU.

JULIO.

Wou'd I were at Home !

HILLARIO.

We'll lead you hither. I pray you take him by the Arm.

JULIO.

Ha ! ha ! ha ! Was not this well counterfeited ? Pray you tell *Vincentio* how I counterfeited.

GENTLEMAN.

This was no Counterfeit, there is too great a Testimony in your Complexion that it was a Passion in earnest.

JULIO.

Counterfeit I assure you.

HILLARIO.

Come, you grow paler, and paler ; pray let us go homewards ; good Sir go with us.

GENTLEMAN.

That will I, for I must bear Answer back
How you excuse my Friend.

JULIO.

I shall devise something as we go on ; but be sure you commend my counterfeiting.



SCENE X.

MARCELLUS *alone.*

SO ! these are the Effects of being in Love ; 's Death !
I cou'd almost kill myself for being such a Coxcomb.—Who, that knew me a Fortnight ago, wou'd ever have thought of seeing me in this Condition ?—
Yet after all what is it but an epidemick Disease, and what

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what all the World has, at one Time or other, been troubled with as well as myself?—Well thought again: Why shou'd I endeavour to curb a Passion, the greatest Heroes have with Pride indulg'd:—No,

*Let pratt'ling Fops the Pow'r of Love disown,
I'll pay a willing Homage to his Throne.
When Coxcombs disapprove, and Fools despise,
Contempt augments the Value of the Prize;
This is the Point, which most our Virtue proves,
And he alone is wise, who nobly loves.*

End of the Fourth Act.





ACT. V. SCENE I.

HILLARIO, and ANTONIO meeting.

HILLARIO.



AVE you Sir, save you. Pray can you inform me in what Part of the Forest I may find the old Duke of *Liege*?

ANTONIO.

Marry, can I Sir: But may I beg to know your Business with him?

HILLARIO.

Faith! Sir, my Business is not very great with him:— But my Time lies upon my Hands a little, and I wou'd recommend myself to his Service, that I may have something to do.

ANTONIO.

Why, he's a banish'd Man; and surely you will not be so unpolite as to serve one that's out of Favour.

HILLARIO.

Why, I own 'tis a little out of Fashion; but I have a Sort of a-Kind of a Fondness for Novelty in my Temper, that will not suffer me to be confin'd always to Rules: In short, I was tir'd of doing nothing at Court, and resolv'd to seek Employment somewhere else; and hearing his Highness was here, I thought I cou'd not exercise my Talents for a more worthy Master.

ANTONIO.

Or, a CURE for LOVE.

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ANTONIO.

By the Gentleman's Stile and Familiarity, I shou'd take him for a modern Conveniency, called a *Pimp*. If so, I believe he had best have staid where he was, for they are in very little Use any where else. [*Aside.*] 'Tis something far methinks to travel for a Service—but I'll introduce you to his Highness immediately.

HILLARIO.

Sir, I'm oblig'd to you; perhaps I may be of Service to him, at least if Courtiers can be so, for such I have been in all its Branches, and can give Testimonials no Man, I think, will dispute.

ANTONIO.

Pray Sir, what are they? Will you favour me with a Recital of them?

HILLARIO.

Why, in the first Place, I never kept a Promise, or told a Woman Truth in my Life; I have betray'd my Friend, and (if he was above me) cring'd to my Enemy: I have rail'd at the Prime Minister, had five or six Quarrels, and never fought one: Lain with a Maid of Honour; had five Coaches seiz'd, and ruin'd three Taylors.

ANTONIO.

Ha! ha! ha! good Sir, enough: After this, no Man will dare to question your Politeness, I warrant you: But methinks you had ill Luck Sir, not to have one Battle for all your Quarrels.

HILLARIO.

Oh! we Courtiers you know are the most peaceable Creatures living;—tho', Pox on't, I had a damn'd narrow 'Scape one Time.

ANTONIO.

How was that, pray Sir?

HILLARIO.

Why, I told a hot-headed young Lord, that was just

come from making the Tour of *Italy*, and full of romantic Notions, that his Mistress had as little Beauty, as he had Manners. He made me a smart Reply, and we stood disputing some Time; and, in short, it came to a downright Quarrel: But just in the Nick, as Fortune wou'd have it, comes by three, or four of our Acquaintance; upon this I drew, and made two, or three Passes at him, which he parry'd very dextrously; Our Friends immediately parted us, carried us to the Tavern, where we drown'd all Animosities in a reconciling Bottle, got sociably drunk together, and parted better Friends than ever.

ANTONIO.

A very pretty Adventure, upon my Word Sir:—But come, tho' I have been a Courtier too, you shall see I can break thro' Rules, and keep a Promise; this Way, Sir, leads to the Duke's Cave.

HILLARIO.

Oh the irresistible Charms of a new Acquaintance! if I had known his Lordship a Month, I suppose I might have waited long enough before he'd have troubled himself about me.

[*Aside.*]

SCENE II.

MARCELLUS followed by FLORINDA.

MARCELLUS.

AND you will still follow me?

FLORINDA.

I'm resolv'd I will; I will haunt you worse, than a breaking Tradesman does his Debtors; be a greater Plague

Plague to you, than a Bailiff is to a Poet; and, in short, never leave teizing you till I have tir'd myself.

MARCELLUS.

Heaven forbid! for then I shall never be at Liberty again.

FLORINDA.

Why, pray, have you not affronted me in a most scandalous Manner? impiously made Love to me, and audaciously ask'd me to love you again?

MARCELLUS.

I plead guilty; I have been a Coxcomb, and am justly punish'd for believing any Woman worthy of a Moment's Regard.

FLORINDA.

If then you own the Punishment is just, why do you blame me for inflicting it?

MARCELLUS.

Because I think you rather too rigorous: I must confess, that in my Opinion, to be tormented one Hour with a Woman's Impertinence, exceeds Hanging, Shooting, Racking, or all those trifling Deaths; and, in short, is Punishment too great for any Crime; a Man can possibly be guilty of.

FLORINDA.

Lord! if you make such a Work about this, what wou'd you have said to the Penance, I shou'd have laid on you in case you had neglected, instead of making Love to me? For however disagreeable a Man's Addresses are to us, they cannot possibly be so shocking, as not to be taken Notice of at all.

MARCELLUS.

If it had been one Degree worse, I'm sure I cou'd not have borne it; but must have apply'd to some friendly Dagger, Stream, or Pistol for Relief.

FLO.

FLORINDA.

Hum——I cou'd almost find in my Heart to put you to the Trial: I shou'd certainly be a most intolerable Plague to you, but that I begin to find myself tir'd of railing at you.

MARCELLUS.

Go to your Closet for Heaven's Sake, pray; and prepare yourself, you cannot have long to live.

FLORINDA.

Long enough yet I hope to give you a Surfeit of the World before I quit it.

MARCELLUS.

And that perhaps may not be very long; for I shall have a strange Propensity to retire from it the Moment, you begin to renew my Torments.

FLORINDA.

Faith! pr'ythee do, I have never yet been so happy, as to have any body die for me.

MARCELLUS.

You'd tell the World perhaps it was for Love.

FLORINDA.

Doubtless, and wou'd not fear being believ'd; my own Merit, and a Knowledge of your natural good Nature, wou'd gain me Credit any where.

MARCELLUS.

Now you have ruin'd all again; I don't know what I might have done before, but that Thought has determin'd me not to offer so great a Sacrifice to your Vanity.

FLORINDA.

Oh! you're glad of any Excuse to come off of such a Bargain, I see, as well as the rest of your Sex: I never knew a Man hold in a dying Humour long enough to be furnish'd with the Means of making a handsome Exit.

MAR-

MARCELLUS.

Come, Truce a Moment, with your Severities: I have a Proposal to make you, which is just come into my Head; will you for once be serious, and hear it?

FLORINDA.

With all my Heart; what is it?

MARCELLUS.

'Tis this; since we are both so well qualified for Satire, methinks 'tis as bad as losing our Talents, to throw them away on one another; what say you then to drawing up Articles, signing a Peace, and joining our Forces to ridicule all the rest of the World?

FLORINDA.

What, the Courtier, I suppose, for breaking his Promise, and never paying his Debts.

MARCELLUS.

Aye; and the Lawyer for being a Knave o' both Sides, and engaging two honest Gentlemen in a Quarrel, that he may ruin them both, and live upon the Spoils.

FLORINDA.

The Rake for railing at Religion, and setting up for an Atheist against his Conscience, 'till he's afraid to go into a Room without Company, or lie alone all his Lifetime.

MARCELLUS.

The Tradesman for swearing to false Weights, and scanty Measures.

FLORINDA.

And the Buyer for being so foolish, as to believe him.

MARCELLUS.

His Wife for seducing the handsome 'Prentice, and betraying him for Non-compliance.

FLORINDA.

FLORINDA.

And half the Fops in Town, for buying up old Fans, Gloves, Necklaces, Ribbons, Garters, &c. and shewing them as Tokens from their several Mistresses: For writing false Letters, boasting of Favours from Women, they have never seen, and ruining the poor Girls Reputations to raise their own.

MARCELLUS.

Pox! you shou'd have laid that to the Ladies; for they have it so much in Use amongst them, that the Men are heartily ashamed on't.

FLORINDA.

Well, no Matter for that; all this, and a great deal more, I know you wou'd say, perhaps justly too: But do not think, because I have let you alone to satisfy my Temper a little, that I have done with you; therefore prepare, for I am now going to return from my Digression.

MARCELLUS.

For Heaven's Sake, is there no Way of appeasing you? no Hopes of Peace?

FLORINDA.

Hum——Let me see——Yes, there is one Way to please me——One Thing:——But I know you'll not comply with it.

MARCELLUS.

Whate'er it is, but name it, and believe it done.

FLORINDA.

Marry me.

MARCELLUS.

Are you mad?

FLORINDA.

In what? you complain'd of a Disease, I have offer'd you a Remedy.

M A R-

MARCELLUS.

Yes, such a one, as it were to throw a Man in a raging Fever, into a Furnace to cool him.

FLORINDA.

Well, consider on't ; for upon these Conditions alone can I ever be reconcil'd to you.



SCENE III.

To them HILLARIO.

HILLARIO.

AYE, aye ; what's that ? let's hear ; what's that, that's to reconcile you ?

FLORINDA.

Why, I have made him a very fair Proposal *Hillario* ; I have offer'd to forget, and obliterate all Injuries whatever, offer'd me to the Time present, and proceed from henceforth on an entire new Foundation, only on Condition that he'll—marry me.

HILLARIO.

Oh ! very fair, very fair :—Take her Man, take her ; a mighty pretty Offer in my Opinion.

MARCELLUS.

Yes, to me, I must confess, who am a profess'd Enemy to Impertinence, and by Consequence to Women.—Besides, she has openly declar'd she hates me.

HILLARIO.

Well Sir, and what then ?—I hope you wou'd not have a Woman of Quality lie under the Scandal of loving her Husband.

MAR-

MARCELLUS.

Why that's true, as you say ; but after all, Marriage is a Leap, I am almost afraid to venture at on any Conditions.

HILLARIO.

P'shaw, never fear Man, there are Cords enough in the Kingdom——if you shou'd repent ; why—'tis but a right Application, and I warrant you, one Knot unties t'other.

FLORINDA.

Well Sir, here's my Hand ; what say you ? have you Courage enough to join yours to it, in Sign of Agreement ?

MARCELLUS.

I don't know how far a Frolick may carry me ;—but no Signing Lady, before we settle the Preliminaries.

HILLARIO.

Which, as in all Probability they will not be very concise, it will not be amiss I believe, if we retire to yon Bank for the better Convenience of Agreement.

FLORINDA.

With all my Heart ; come on Sir : *Hillario*, do you bring up the Rear.



SCENE



SCENE IV.

JULIO *alone.*

JULIO.

I Wonder *Vincentio* does not come;—I'm almost afraid his Wound is worse, than it was represented:—or if he shou'd be e'en such a Man, as my Cousin thinks now.——Well, I'm in a thousand Fears I protest; but see he comes to rid me of them all.



SCENE V.

JULIO, VINCENTIO,

JULIO.

SO Sir, you're come at last; you're a mighty pretty Gentleman truly.

VINCENTIO.

My dearest *Camilla*—

JULIO.

Nay, no Come-offs; better let Things stand, as they are, than make them worse with a bad Excuse: Pray did the Gentleman tell you how prettily I counterfeited swooning, when he told me of your Wound?

L

VIN-

V I N C E N T I O.

Aye ; but I have heard greater Wonders, than all that ;
your Sister is going to be married to Lord *Marcellus*.

J U L I O.

Married !

V I N C E N T I O.

Aye.

J U L I O.

And to *Marcellus* ? impossible !

V I N C E N T I O.

No Faith ; I met them just now with *Hillario*, going
to borrow the Duke's Chaplain ; for they're willing, it
seems, to secure one another while they are in the Hu-
mour.

J U L I O.

Well, speed them together I say ; tho' I think they
might have had the Manners to have invited us to the
Wedding.

V I N C E N T I O.

I think so too ; tho' I must own, to be a Witness of the
Happiness of another, wou'd but increase my Torments :
Oh ! *Camilla* !

J U L I O.

Hey day ! what going into your Desperadoes again ?
It seems I can serve your Turn no longer then.

V I N C E N T I O.

Youth, I can live no longer by thinking.

J U L I O.

Nor will I increase your Misfortunes by longer tri-
fling with you ;—I know you a Gentleman, and be-
lieve you honest ; I am acquainted with your Life, and
am no Stranger to your dearest Secrets.—I am, Thanks
to my Uncle, a Piece of a Magician, and can be of more
Service

Or, a CURE for LOVE. • III

Service to you, than you imagine ; therefore, if you love *Camilla*, as you say you'll meet me presently at the Duke's Cave ; I am acquainted with all her Fortunes, and know where she is at this Instant, I know she loves you too ; and if I then find that you deserve her, I dare promise she shall be yours.

V I N C E N T I O.

Away, you trifle Boy.

J U L I O.

By my Life I do not ; but try me, and condemn me if I fail.

V I N C E N T I O.

Tho' my Reason forbids me to credit such fond Tales, yet there is something so extraordinary in this, somewhat, that touches me so nearly, that I am determined to see the Event. [*Aside.*] Youth, I'll meet thee there.

J U L I O.

'Tis well, go you directly ; I'll but in, and make a few necessary Preparations for the Ceremony, and follow you.



S C E N E VI.

JULIO alone.

I AM now on the very Crisis of my Fortune, and on a single Breath depends my future Happiness, or Misery : — What have I done ? — I have engag'd myself to *Vincentio* without the Knowledge of my royal Fa-

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ther;—may he not then disapprove of it? Oh no, he is so good, it were a Crime to doubt his Gentleness: Besides, *Ernesto's* Services, and his own Life so lately by *Vincentio* sav'd, are Arguments too strong to be denied.—Let me yet consider a little;—but I have gone too far to think of a Retreat.

*I'll boldly risque my Fate;—if such they be,
My Crimes, Almighty Love, I owe to thee;
Do thou then kindly my Endeavours bless,
Plead thou my Cause, and I'll not fear Success.*



S C E N E VII.

DUKE, VINCENTIO, ANTONIO, and LORDS.

D U K E.

YOU tell me Miracles indeed *Vincentio*: That this Youth shou'd promise Things so strange, nay, almost beyond the Reach of Possibility, excites my Wonder more, than my Belief.

V I N C E N T I O.

As I do live, most honour'd Sir, 'tis true; I must confess I have as little Credit in such Stories as your Highness; but there is something so extraordinary in the Youth, that when your Highness sees him, your Prejudice will fall away insensibly, and you will find yourself oblig'd to listen to him.

D U K E.

D U K E.

I doubt 'tis some Device ; he dare not meet you.

V I N C E N T I O.

If he lives, I do not fear his coming.

D U K E.

Well, sit you down, and once more rest assur'd I hold
that Hour the happiest of my Life that brought you to
the Forest.

V I N C E N T I O.

And believe me Sir, I have more Pleasure to serve
you in this most humble State, than in the Court of
haughty *Ferdinand*.

D U K E.

I thank you ; thy Father was a noble, honest Man,
and one I lov'd, and honour'd ; I rejoice to find he has
a Son so worthy.

V I N C E N T I O.

My Lord, the Youth is here.



S C E N E VIII.

To them JULIO.

JULIO.

SO Sir, you are in Readiness I see : [*To Vincentio.*
My Lord, I beg Pardon for this Intrusion ; but
you'll have too near an Int'rest in what I am to perform,
not to excuse it. [*To the Duke.*

D U K E.

O' my Word *Vincentio* you prophecy'd ; I ne'er can be

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an Enemy to that Youth. [*Aside to Vincentio.*] But come young Sir, you come not here to talk, proceed to Business, and produce my Daughter. [*To Julio.*]

JULIO.

I will my Lord ; but first must have your royal Promise she shall, when found, have Liberty to give herself, to whom her Heart directs.

DUKE.

I do agree.

JULIO.

'Tis enough. ——— You'll remember our Articles, Sir. [*Aside to Vincentio.*]

VINCENTIO.

I warrant you.

[*Aside to her.*]

JULIO.

'Tis well : ——— You first, Sir, shou'd be satisfied, then turn, and view in me your long lost Daughter, your once lov'd *Camilla*. [*Discovers herself to the Duke.*]

DUKE,

'Tis she, 'tis my *Camilla* ; rise my Child,
And bless thy Father's long despairing Arms :
Bless be the Powers, that have restor'd thee to me,
And in a Moment kindly over-paid
All my past Years of Sorrow. ——— Oh my Child !
How cou'dst thou 'scape thy cruel Uncle's Rage ?
For well I know not ev'n thy Youth, and Innocence
Cou'd shield thee from his Fury.

CAMILLA.

Of this my Lord,
And whatsoever else your Grace wou'd know
Hereafter be my Business to inform you ;
But now permit me, as my Word's engag'd,

Or, a CURE for LOVE.

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To satisfy this Gentleman ; for which
I do remind you of your gracious Promise.

DUKE.

I do agree to all.

CAMILLA.

Thus then I claim it,
And from this Moment call *Vincentio* Lord.

DUKE.

By Heaven I'd not have wish'd a fairer Choice :
What say'st thou ? Art thou willing to receive her ?

[To *Vincentio*]

VINCENTIO.

As Heaven's greatest Blessing.

DUKE.

Then take her, and be happy. [Giving him her Hand,

ANTONIO.

I think we are going to have another Flood ; for
Couples seem to flock in hither as to the Ark ; a second
Pair already, and, if I mistake not, one of them, is
call'd *Marcellus*.

DUKE.

Marcellus ! sure 'tis impossible.

CAMILLA.

'Tis even so my Lord ; the other you shall know here-
after ; but I beg you for a while suspend your Curio-
sity.



SCENE



S C E N E IX.

To them MARCELLUS, FLORINDA, and HILLARIO.

D U K E.

MARCELLUS, you are welcome, I give you Joy.

V I N C E N T I O, C A M I L L A.

Joy, Joy, my Lord.

M A R C E L L U S.

Pox! how foolish this makes a Man look now!——
You are mistaken Gentlemen, we only come to beg a Favour of his Highness.

D U K E.

I'm glad you have put it in my Power to oblige you;
What is it?

M A R C E L L U S.

'Tis——Faith I can't speak it; may I never taste Peace if the Words do not stick in my Throat: P'rythee tell him Friend. [To Hillario.]

H I L L A R I O.

Well then, in short Sir, this Lord *Marcellus*, and this Madam *Florinda*, having taken a very pious Resolution, to plague one another as long as they both shall live, humbly beg your Highness's Leave to marry, that they may do it with the more Authority.

D U K E.

Ha! ha! ha! they have mine with all my Heart:
But here's a young Gentleman pretends to have a Sort of
an

Or, a CURE for LOVE. 117

an Interest in the Lady: What say you Sir? Are you willing to resign her to Lord *Marcellus*? [To *Camilla*,

CAMILLA.

Are you willing to receive her? " [To *Marcellus*,

MARCELLUS.

Aye, ——— No, ——— I believe so: ——— Pox on't, what am I going to do?

FLORENTINA.

Hey day! I thought 'twou'd come to this, 'tis well I secur'd the Evidence: Here *Hillario*, are not you Witness to a Promise of Marriage made me by Lord *Marcellus*?

HILLARIO.

Aye, and am ready to swear it before any Magistrate in the Country.

CAMILLA.

My Lord I assure you she deserves him; I beg you to interpose your Authority. [To the Duke.

DUKE.

Nay then, take her, for I will have it a Match.

MARCELLUS.

Observe Gentlemen, 'tis none of my own seeking; you hear the Duke say he will have it so, and 'tis not my Fault, if I am oblig'd to obey him. ——— This is some Excuse however. [Aside

DUKE.

Well, well, we admit of your Excuse; we have one Couple already, that you little think of; you shall make a second, and we'll have you join'd immediately.

CAMILLA.

Now my Lord turn, and in that Lady know your Niece *Julia*, whose Love for me has made her the Companion of my ruin'd Fortunes.

DUKE.

D U K E.

Pardon me fair Niece ; but 'tis not now too late : I give you Joy, and Welcome to such a Place, as I have to entertain you in : Hereafter look on me as on your Father, and if Love can make Amends for Grandeur, assure yourself you shall lose nothing by the Change.

JULIA.

My Lord, I can thank you with nothing but my Duty ; much Happiness to your Highness.

[A Flourish of Trumpets.

D U K E.

How now ! What mean those Trumpets ?



S C E N E X.

To them a LORD.

L O R D.

A Messenger from *Liege*, my noble Lord,
Breathless with Haste, craves Audience of your
Highness ;

His Face, methinks, wears an unusual Joy,
And speaks fair greeting.

D U K E.

Give him speedy Entrance.
Heav'n grant some happy Turn in our Affairs.

S C E N E

SCENE *The Last.*

DUKE, CAMLLLA, VINCENTIO, JULIA, MARCELLUS,
ANTONIO, HILLARIO, LORDS, and MESSENGER.

MESSENGER *kneeling.*

ALL Happinefs to my dread Lord of *Liege* :
Your faithful Senators, great Sir, by me
Thus humbly throw them at your Highnefs' Feet,
And beg you to refume your rightful Sceptre :
The Nobles greet you, and the meaner Sort,
Big with rude Joy, forget their wonted Labour,
And pafs the Day in Pray'r for your Return.

DUKE.

I pr'ythee, Friend, unfold thy myftick greeting ;
Thy Salutation favours of sweet Comfort ;
To fuch unus'd we underftand thee not :
If I am *Liege*, fay what is *Ferdinand* ?

MESSENGER.

My Lord, your Brother *Ferdinand*'s no more ;
A fad Remorfe for the Injuftice done
To you, and your fair Daughter ; join'd with Grief
For the late Lofs of Lady *Julia*,
His only Child, feiz'd on him all at once,
Like a rude Canker preying on his Heart,
And hurry'd him to an untimely Grave.
The Crown he left to you, and to each Nobleman
That follow'd you, reftor'd his forfeit Lands :
Some few Hours fince he call'd me to his Bed,

Bade

Bade me I shou'd commend him to your Highness,
And to this fair Assembly ; with his dying Breath
Beg'd your Forgiveness, blest'd you, and expir'd.

JULIA.

Alas my Father ! Oh !

DUKE.

Poor *Ferdinand* !

Wou'd thou hadst liv'd, and I had still been banish'd ;
To lose a Brother the first Day I found him so,
Is Grief unlook'd, and past the Strength of Nature.
Farewel, and Peace attend thy Memory ;
Thy Wrongs to me lie with thee in the Grave.
Weep not my Friends, I'll mourn enough for all ;
Over his Tomb will I a Convent build ;
Ourselves will grace it with our royal Presence,
And in sweet Pray'r for his departed Soul,
Wear out our few remaining Hours of Life.
To you, my Children, I resign my Dukedom,
And may the Crown fit easier on your Brows,
Than e'er it did on mine.——Come you, who love me
Kneel here, and hail *Vincentio* Duke of *Liege*.

[Duke stands bare, the rest kneel.]

A L L.

Long live *Vincentio*, and the fair *Camilla*,
Our Duke and Dutches !

VINCENTIO, and CAMILLA kneeling.

We beseech your Highness.

DUKE raising them.

No more——What little Power I have left,
I use it here ; make much of these few Friends,
And you shall find them such in Time of Need.
This happy Union, as 'twas here begun,
Shall in the Forest here be celebrated

With

With all due Pomp, and Ceremony ;—then,
Three Days allowing for Refreshment here,
And a fit Preparation for our Journey,
I'll lead you forward on your Way to *Liege*.

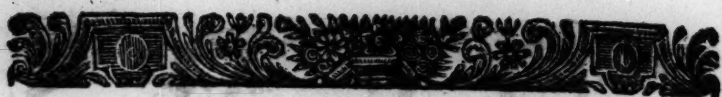
M A R C E L L U S turning to the Audience.

Well, Gentlemen and Ladies, I'm afraid I make but an odd Sort of a Figure here among you, after what has happen'd.——I confess, I have acted a little out of Character, and a great deal below the Dignity of a Philosopher :——But what can be said ?——When I found myself so far gone in a Disease, which of you can blame me for making Choice of the most effectual Remedy : For

*By frequent Instances we sadly prove,
That Marriage is the surest CURE for LOVE.*

[*Exeunt omnes.*]





EPILOGUE.

TH E Comic Muse at length has ceas'd from chanting,
And nothing but the Epilogue is wanting,
And that, no doubt, to spare the lab'ring Muse
Already pall'd, you'd willingly excuse :
Perhaps I wrong you, tho' I own I fear it ;
But pleas'd or not I care not, you shall hear it ;
For Fashion wills that we shou'd something say
In Favour of the Poet, or his Play,
And Fashion we implicitly obey.
A pretty Task I've underta'en, no doubt on't ;
Faith, I begin to wish myself well out on't,
But I must on with't, since I'm fairly in ;
Tho' hang me if I know how to begin.
The Poet !—No, him I'm sure there's no befriending,
And for the Play 'tis hardly worth defending :
A Cure for Love ; it promis'd well I own ;
But ah ! how soon our airy Hopes are flown !
For-ever, and for-ever wou'd I love,
E'er I his nauseous Medicine wou'd prove :
For if th' Disease can be esteem'd a Curse,
The Remedy I'm sure is ten Times worse :
Marriage !—an odious Beast ! how I abhor him !
Say how can I then think of suing for him ?
No, let his own dear Impudence befriend him :
For I'm resolv'd, I'll no Assistance lend him :
Critick's to you th' Offender I submit,
Pray use him—as your mighty Wills think fit.

P O E M S

U P O N

Several Occasions,

WITH SOME
LETTERS, ESSAYS, &c.

— *Hoc est mediocribus nostris*
Ex vitiis unum.

HOR.



Printed in the Year MDCCXXXVIII.

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A D O N I S.

FROM THE
GREEK of *BION*.

"Αἰάζει τὸν Ἀδωνιν : ἀπώλετο καλὸς Ἀδωνις. BION.



DONIS dies ; I the sweet Youth de-
plore :

Weep ev'ry *Love*. *Adonis* is no more.

Rise *Venus*, rise, thy *Cyprian* Couch for-
sake,

From gentle Sleep, and gentler Dreams awake ;
Beat thy unhappy Breast ; with streaming Eyes
Proclaim it to the World, *Adonis* dies.

Adonis dies ; his Loss the Loves deplore ;

Alas me ! the sweet Adonis is no more :

See where he lies, amidst the Mountain Snows,
Still beautiful, and fairer still than those :
From his pale Cheek the fading Rose retires,
With cruel Wounds the lovely Youth expires ;
Each Murmur wounds the gentle *Venus*' Peace,
At ev'ry Sigh her falling Tears increase :

126 *Poems upon several Occasions.*

His languid Eyes eternal Slumbers veil,
His Joints are numb'd, his trembling Lips grow pale;
Those Lips, where *Venus* cou'd for-ever dwell :
With Kisses still she drowns the dying Boy ;
Adonis tastes not the immortal Joy :

*He dies, he dies ; his Loss the Loves deplore ;
Ah me ! the sweet Adonis is no more.*

In his soft Thigh a cruel Wound he bears ;
But *Venus* in her Heart a greater wears.
See, near the Youth his faithful Dogs remain,
Forget the Chace, and mourn their Master slain ;
The Woodland Nymphs their blest Retirements leave,
And round the Coarse of sweet *Adonis* grieve :
The hapless Boy dejected Nature mourns ;
But *Venus*' Heart incessant Anguish burns :
She o'er the Plain bounds, frantick with Despair,
And with her Sorrows rends the list'ning Air,
To unassisting Gods relates her Grief,
And calls in vain on Heaven for Relief ;
Flies thro' the Woods, while from her wounded Vein
Ungentle Thorns the sacred Purple drain ;
Her Hair unbound adown her Shoulders flows,
Her Garments loose, her lovely Limbs expose :
Awake sweet Youth, awake, she vainly cries,
Deaf to the tuneful Call *Adonis* lies,
And lost in Air the fruitless Clamour dies.
Stretch'd by his Side she wanders o'er his Charms,
And clasps the bleeding Body in her Arms ;
Her Arms more white than falling Snows before,
Are chang'd to Crimson by the flowing Gore.

What Torments, hapless *Venus*, dost thou bear !
See weeping *Loves* thy anxious Sorrows share.

Ah me ! my dearest, only Love is dead ;
 He's lost, and with him ev'ry Charm is fled ;
 The sparkling Fire, fair Rose, and smiling Bloom,
 All, all, lie buried in *Adonis*' Tomb ;
 When sweet *Adonis* fell, no Charms surviv'd,
 For *Venus* only in *Adonis* liv'd.
 Each Hill, and Tree for thee a Sorrow feels,
 Each murm'ring Torrent *Venus* Cares reveals ;
 For thee the Mountain Springs with Grief run o'er,
 And drooping Flow'rs thy cruel Fate deplore :
 All *Nature* for *Adonis* seems to mourn ;
 But *Venus*' Bosom endless Torments burn.

Ah hapless Venus ! thy Adonis dies ;
Adonis is no more, she sadly cries ;
Adonis is no more, the echoing Air replies.

I mourn *Adonis* ; who that Form can view,
 Hear his sad Fortune, and not mourn him too ?

The dying Boy deplores his hapless Fate,
 On *Venus* calls ; she comes, but ah ! too late ;
 Stretch'd on the Earth his breathless Coarse she finds,
 His reeking Wound expos'd to cruel Winds.
 Stop, stop, she cries, sweet Boy a Moment live,
 One last, one tender Farewel to receive :
 Wake, wake my Love, if Life yet hold its Place,
 If yet thou canst, return the dear Embrace,
 In one soft Kiss thy fleeting Soul impart,
 And breathe thy Fondness into *Venus*' Heart ;
 The happy Kiss, as my *Adonis*, dear
Venus for-ever on her Lips shall wear.

Thou, cruel Youth, wilt bless my Sight no more,
 Far, far from hence, along th' *Elysian* Shore,
 Where *Stygian* Waves in awful Silence flow,
 In *Pluto*'s grisly Realms thou wand'rest now.

Unwelcome Immortality ! — Ah me !
 Thy *Venus* cannot, cannot follow thee.
 Thou happy *Proserpine*, the beauteous Boy
 In blissful Shades for-ever shalt enjoy ;
 To thee more blest, than *Venus* in her Skies :
 Whatever's fair, whatever lovely flies ;
Adonis too thy gloomy Court adorns,
 While widow'd *Venus* her lost Lover mourns.
 Ah me ! *Adonis* is for-ever gone ;
Love with him, like an idle Dream, is flown.
 Ah ! why woud'st thou with Savage Boars engage ?
 Why woud'st thou tempt the fiercer Panther's Rage ?
 With cruel Beasts th' unequal Combat try ?
 Was it for thee with cruel Beasts to vie ?
 Go useless *Cestus*, grace no more my Side ;
 Thy Virtues all with sweet *Adonis* dy'd :
 Go wanton *Loves*, can you my Peace restore ?
 No, no, retire, for *Venus* loves no more.

*Thus o'er the breathless Boy the Goddess mourn'd,
 And weeping Loves each plaintive Sigh return'd.*

Ah hapless *Venus* ! where is now thy Joy ?
 All, all is vanish'd with the beauteous Boy :
 Around the Coarse what Streams of Gore appear ;
 For every Drop the Goddess sheds a Tear ;
 From ev'ry Tear a pale-fac'd Lilly grows ;
 From ev'ry Drop of Blood a blushing Rose.

*Poor breathless Boy ! thy Loss the Loves deplore :
 Ah me ! the sweet Adonis is no more.*

No longer *Venus* mourn thy murder'd Love,
 No longer fill with Complaints the echoing Grove ;

See the blest Witness of each secret Joy ;
 The nuptial Couch awaits the lovely Boy ;
 Thither the hapless Youth with Care convey,
 And his pale Coarse on downy Pillows lay,
 In Garments, spotless, as himself array'd ;
 Those Robes, which, when with thee he fondly play'd,
 Which, in thy Arms, by the dear Swain were worn,
 Let those the Swain, in Death still dear, adorn ;
 With smiling Violets bind his Temples round,
 If smiling Violets can on Earth be found :
 Ah ! no ; no smiling Violets remain,
 All, all expir'd, when the sweet Youth was slain.

See where he lies in melancholy State,
 And weeping *Loves* around the Body wait,
 Their pensive Brows no wanton Ringlets grace,
 Pale Sorrow triumphs in each anxious Face.
 One from his Side his useless Quiver flings,
 One breaks his Shafts, and one his Bow unstrings ;
 While others busied round the bleeding Boy,
 In silent Grief their tend'rest Cares employ ;
 The purple Sandals from his Feet untie,
 And wash the Gore from off his snowy Thigh ;
 Or o'er the Coarse their balmy Wings display,
 And flutt'ring round dispel the scorching Ray.

Nor doth *Adonis* take up all their Cares,
 But ev'ry Breast in *Venus'* Sorrow shares :
 To sooth her Grievs the gentle *Hymen* flies ;
 His sick'ning Torch at the sad Prospect dies,
 And scatter'd round the nuptial Garland lies :
 No more the God in joyful Numbers sings,
 No more to Pleasure tunes the trembling Strings ;
 His mournful Lyre no Tale but Sorrow tells,
 And ev'ry Note with Melancholy swells.

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*Ab me ! the sweet Adonis is no more ;
The Fates themselves the hapless Youth deplore.*

Around his Coarse the blooming *Graces* mourn,
And vainly bid the lovely Boy return :
The lovely Boy in everlasting Chains,
Ungentle *Proserpine* in Shades detains.

Then *Venus* lull thy idle Grievs to Peace,
And for a while thy fruitless Sorrows cease :
Just Honours to the dear *Adonis*' Shade,
By weeping Nymphs for-ever shall be paid ;
To him each Age a grateful Tear afford,
And annual Strains thy murder'd Love record.



An Bellum Paci præferendum sit ambigitur.

TO haughty *Carthage*, and the Southern Shore,
Once *Roman Fabius* in his Bosom bore
Dread War, and Peace : Our Task the Choice renews
To you, which best will please, that freely chuse :
From this Right-hand the noble Laurel bends,
The Left the peaceful Olive Branch extends :
The gen'rous Soul, that greatly pants for Fame,
Will, from the Right, the nobler Laurel claim ;
Where affluent Sloth, and Int'rest sway the Mind,
The peaceful Olive will a Welcome find.
In vain for him the blooming Laurel grows,
Whose tim'rous Soul no Sense of Glory knows ;
In vain with Wealth the Olive seeks to please
The Man, who bravely scorns inglorious Ease.

On all Parts nought a fair Appearance wears,
But ev'ry Joy is blended with its Cares ;
Nothing's so bright, or so resplendent made,
But may be darken'd by some envious Shade.

Some God be near, while I this Title try,
And my weak Judgment with thy Aid supply ;
The equal Claims my wav'ring Thoughts divide,
Where'er I turn, on each contending Side,
A thousand Charms invite, a thousand Ills forbid.

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When to my ravish'd Ear some Poet sings
The Praise of Heroes, or the Feats of Kings,
My Mind with Thirst of Glory is inspir'd,
I burn for War, as with a Trumpet fir'd ;
My eager Soul some Triumph longs to boast,
And in the Fame, the Fear of Death is lost.

But when, with Eyes retort, I see afar
Famine, and *Death*, and the sad Train of *War*,
Ambition at the mournful Prospect dies,
And Fears, and Sorrows, in my Fancy rise ;
Soft Pity gently steals into my Heart,
My trembling Hand lets fall the murd'rous Dart ;
The Lust of Praise with Horror I behold,
And Blood, and Life, for Fame too cheaply sold.

Now smiling Peace all horrid Thoughts allays,
In Rest I wish to pass my happy Days :
Rough *Sparta* I forsake, the Seat of Strife,
And now at *Athens* court a milder Life :
But who at *Athens* can in Peace reside,
Where Peace to *Aristides* is deny'd ?
Who long can dwell in a corrupted State,
Where banish'd *Virtue* mourns her abject Fate ?

When once lov'd *Athens* this my Fancy sees
Lost in a wanton and inglorious Ease,

To

To ev'ry Vice by soothing Rest betray'd,
Peace smiles no more, her flatt'ring Beauties fade;
 Fearless I re-ascend the shining Car,
 And court each Danger of the glowing War.



D E L I A:

Or C U P I D in Disgrace.

A T A L E.

V E N U S, from Suitors just got clear,
 Order'd young *Cupid* to appear;
 And, frowning, to the Wanton said,
 Methinks you drive a pretty Trade;
 Here ev'ry Day Complaints I hear,
 That you, forsooth, are too severe;
 So hot they are I can't appease 'em,
 Some Method must be found to ease 'em:
 You must, by Way of Satisfaction,
 Give an Account of ev'ry Action;
 Come, tell me how you've us'd your Pow'r
 E'er since you had it to this Hour.

Cupid, who knew he had abus'd it,
 Thought by some Tale to have excus'd it;
 He studied long, but cou'd not find
 One for his Life, that pleas'd his Mind;

So only begg'd his Mamma's Pardon,
For ev'ry Trick that she thought hard on.

Venus, however, not content
With this, resum'd the Pow'r she lent,
And *Cupid* languish'd in Disgrace,
While one was fought to fill his Place.

She straitway summons all her Train
To meet her on the milky Plain ;
Where each being seated in her Station,
They enter into Consultation.

Some Time it was e'er they cou'd fix on
One proper to succeed the Vixon :
Some were for *Amoret*, or *Phillis*,
For *Chloe* some, or *Amarylus*.

I'th' End (tho' it some Trouble gave her)
The Ballot clos'd in *Delia*'s Favour ;
She quickly learn'd the Bow to wield,
Equip'd herself, and took the Field.

Scarce had she been on Earth an Hour,
But Miss must exercise her Pow'r ;
Regardless shot her Arrows round,
And fill'd with bleeding Hearts the Ground :
No Shepherd now cou'd free remain,
But all at *Delia*'s Feet lay slain :
Pray'rs came apace from ev'ry Slave,
That she wou'd heal the Wounds she gave ;
But she, inexorable, still
Continued her old Trade——to kill.
The Lovers, in this sad Condition,
Sent up to *Venus* this Petition.

O Goddess, help us in our Distress,
And rid us of this cruel Mistress :
Let *Cupid* quick resume his Post,
Before thy Subjects all be lost :

34 *Poems upon several Occasions.*

Delia 'll unpeople all your Nation,
And fill your Plains with Desolation ;
He knew (a little) Moderation ;
His Darts but here and there wou'd fly ;
But all she meets are sure to die.



Sent to *CHLOE*, with the Letters
of the Marchionefs * * *.

GO Fair-one, worthy of a better Fate,
To *Chloe* thy unhappy Tale relate ;
Nor fear a rigid Censurer to find,
For she is ever gentle, soft, and kind :
And, tho' no Fault in her chaste Bosom lives,
Whate'er she sees in others she forgives :
Thy Suff'rings for thy seeming Crimes will plead ;
May they with *Chloe* as with me succeed !
For surely Love, and Constancy like thine,
Drest in whatever Shape, must be divine ;
Then go, nor fear Success. But——
If thou draw'st Pity from that lovely Maid,
Think all thy Sorrows doubly overpaid.

E P I S.



EPISTLE

To P. H. Esq;

In Imitation of HORACE, Ep. IV. Lib. I.

Albi nostrorum, &c.

DEAR——, Judge of *Damon's* Wit,
Kind Critick on whate'er I've writ,
I've often thought, but can't conceive,
(Then pr'ythee tell us how you live;
What Charms dost in the Country find?
What can employ thy active Mind?
What is't, can do thy Friends this Wrong,
And keep thee from the Town so long?
Say, dost thou write? and may we hope
Some finish'd Piece to cut down *Pope*?
Or dost to cooling Shades retire,
And fondly feed an am'rous Fire?
Or soar to nobler Contemplation,
And scheme for Int'rest of the Nation;
For publick Service raise a Loan,
And pay her Debts——before your own?

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Well,

136 *Poems upon several Occasions.*

Well, you're a happy Dog, that's true,
 I almost envy you, I vow;
 Your Lips soft Sentences distil,
 You've a smart Turn,—and Wit at Will:
 Dame Nature too has play'd her Part,
 And touch'd you off *secundum Art*;
 And when she form'd you, one wou'd swear
 She took a more than common Care:
Fortune, to make the Scene compleat,
 Has thrown you in a fine Estate,
 And tipt you by Decease of Grannum
 A Brace of Thousands, paid *per Annum*:
 Faith! 'twas genteelly done;—and you
 Make as genteel a Use on't too.

But pr'ythee tell us how, dear Elf,
 At——thou divert'st thyself.
 I ride, run, hunt, swim, fish, dance, rest,
 And ev'ry rural Pleasure taste;
 Or,——when I've nothing else to do,
 I—sometimes—read a Page, or two.
 When friendly *Phæbus* veils his Face,
 And sober *Ev'ning* takes his Place,
 Sit down contented to my Red,
 Chat, smoke one Pipe, and so to Bed;
 Or form with Sisters and Friend *Will*,
 A serious Party at *Quadrille*;
 My softer Hours in Love employ,
 With *Cælia*, or with *Chloe* toy;
 Laugh, say soft Things, and sip some Tea,
 Spout Verses, sing, or read a Play,
 Kneel, swear, and——if I meet with Miss in
 Good Humour, throw a civil Kiss in.

Be cautious then, ye gentle Fair,
 And wisely shun the smiling Snare:

For

For *Frank* has ev'ry Charm in Store,
 No partial Nurse cou'd wish him more ;
 A lovely Form, a sprightly Sense,
 Bright Thoughts, an easy Utterance ;
 Rich, young, and of unblemish'd Fame,
 Has Friends at Court, i'th' Camp the same ;
 Good-natur'd, complaisant, and easy,
 Gay, and will spare no Pains to please ye ;
 Can dance, make Verses, fence, and sing ;
Frank can, in short, do ev'ry Thing :
 Pox take his Charms ;——while I repeat 'em
 It sets my Chaps a wat'ring at 'em.
 But, hang it, he deserves 'em fairly ;
Frank's honest, and I love him dearly.

Courage, my Lad, Life's full of Cares,
 Leave Thought and Trouble to your Heirs ;
 Let us enjoy it while we may,
 And make good Use of ev'ry Day :
 This Hour's our last, for aught we know,
 At least, let's live as if 'twere so.
 If Heav'n, since that alone can do it,
 Thinks fit to add another to it,
 It will, the less we hope to see't,
 So much the greater Welcome meet.
 For my Part, I, whene'er I can,
 Ne'er fail to occupy my Span ;
 Thro' ev'ry Path of Life have rov'd,
 And left no single Charm un'mprov'd ;
 My sparkling Face, and comely Belly,
 How I have liv'd will quickly tell ye :
 I make a merry Shew, that's true,
 I'm wanted at the——*Adieu.*
 B' w'ye *Frank*, and when from Spleen you're free,
 If you wou'd laugh, why——visit me.



To D E L I A:

With a Set of A D I S O N 's Works.

A Promise,—'tis by Author's spoken,
 Was made, like Pie-crust, to be broken;
 And Faith, I doubt there are but few,
 Who have not, sometimes, made it true:
 However, as it farther said is,
 'Tis chiefly practis'd by—the *Ladies*:
 Now whether this b'a true Assertion,
 Or but a scandalous Aspersion
 Upon the Fair, I'll not pretend
 To disallow, or yet defend.
 But——let's suppose the Charge is true,
 Not all the Blame can rest on you,
 As falsely some affirm,——because
 We too may sometimes make *faux pas*.
 Yet think not I allow our Crimes
 To equal yours,——for tho' sometimes
 Men to each other false appear,
 Yet none can sure deceive the Fair;
 At least, if I allow'd may be
 To judge of all the Sex by me.

What then, you'll say are you the Stone
 To try Men's Constancy upon?

Yes,

Yes, for unfir'd by Hopes of Fame,
To Wit, Sense, Charms, I lay no Claim;
I yield that Prize, nor think it hard,
But smile, and think the first Regard
In Truth, and Constancy to boast
A full Amends for all, I've lost:
Nor think I only talk; for see
My Actions with my Words agree,
And—in Conformance to my Promise
To kiss your Hand Friend *Add'* come is.

And now, methinks I hear you say,
Why all this long Preamble pray?
To tell me that the Books you've sent?
That's all,—Faith nothing else was meant:
And since the Bus'ness of my Pen
Is o'er, I'll add one Word, and then
Subscribe myself—how's that? conclude!
Why sure you cannot be so rude;
Write to a Lady, and neglect
What Women always first expect?
No Love!——was ever such a Sot!
Why *Corydon*——you've sure forgot
There's any such a Thing as Vanity;
Pr'ythee henceforth learn more Humanity.
What, a whole Side, and not one Flame,
Or Dart, or Wound, or Sigh! for Shame——
This is plain Sense;—and sure you know,
Billets to Ladies shou'd be *doux*;
For they, of whatsoe'er Condition,
Shou'd still be treated with Submission,
With their own Softness be address'd:——
If e'er you'd move a Fair One's Breast,
Each Charm must be in full display'd:
Why—what a Blunder hast thou made!

Delia will surely ne'er forgive it,
So gross a Slight——she'll scarce out-live it.

Fear to offend, forbade me that.

Fear of a Fiddle-Stick ;—with what ?
Can *Delia*, think'st thou, disapprove
What all her Sex so dearly love ?
And tho' one Passion you excite,
You're sure to sooth another by't ;
For what her *Virtue* may think hard on,
Her *Vanity* 'll ne'er fail to pardon :
Soft Tales can never want an Art
To creep into a Lady's Heart ;
And, when all other Methods fail,
Flatt'ry with Women must prevail.

Methinks I hear some friendly Swain
Thus arguing in familiar Strain :
What shall I do ?—Direct me *Muse*.
What to avoid, and what to chuse.

'Tis done ; and, soft I hear her say,
Fear not, but chearfully obey ;
With softest Lines address the Fair,
I'll warrant for their Welcome there.

Well then—you're mighty handsome Miss—
Pox on't, what wretched Stuff is this !
You're mighty handsome Miss.—Go to,
Believe me, this will never do ;
Zounds ! rap me out some thund'ring Line :
By Heav'n, my Dear, you're all divine.
Aye, this may do ;——go on, and press
But Home, you cannot fail Success :
Tell her of Wounds, and Flames, and Darts,
And Eyes, and Stars, and bleeding Hearts ;
Of Ropes, Knives, Pistols, Halters, Trees,
Woods, Rivers, and such Things as these ;

Dispatch,

Dispatch, nor give her Rest before
You've the whole Catalogue run o'er.——

Oh monstrous !—what a Task is here !
Was ever Penance so severe ?
All this ! 'twou'd take an Age to do it,
I'm sure that I can ne'er go thro' it ;
So shall make bold to bilk the *Belle*,
And leave her with one plain

Farewell.



On the Death of Queen CAROLINE.

WHILST languid *Britain* to the Realms of Night
With decent Sorrow mourns thy hasty Flight,
O Caroline ! if I alone forbear
To join the Torrent with one grateful Tear ;
Whilst ev'ry Breast with gen'rous Ardour swells,
Whilst ev'ry Tongue upon thy Praises dwells,
If I, unmov'd 'midst weeping Numbers, seem
Alone regardless of the unbounded Theme,
Think not thy hapless Fate I less deplore,
Or that one grateful *Briton* lov'd thee more :
Think not I err, if with my artless Lays,
I fear to injure, while I strive to praise.
Fain wou'd I with the loyal Number join,
And with their pious Sorrows mingle mine ;
But, conscious of my Weakness, I retire,
And quench with silent Tears the rising Fire.

*I mourn thee, Caroline ; thy matchless Name
A nobler Muse shall consecrate to Fame.*

S O N G.



S O N G.

I.

GA Y *Miranda*, in her Prime,
 Makes the most she can of Time;
 Laughs and toys with ev'ry Swain,
 And smiles insensible of Pain;
 Nor at her Virtue's, nor her Fame's Expence,
 But tempts all with native Innocence.

II.

Lovely as the Morning Rose,
 Which with the rising *Titan* blows;
 But exempted from its Fate,
 Her Beauty's of a longer Date:
 Nor are her Charms to outward Form confin'd,
 Enchanting Wit is to that Beauty join'd.

III.

He, who can *Miranda* see
 With these Perfections, and be free,
 Secure from Harms, may dare to rove
 Thro' the pathless Wilds of Love;
 And tho' ten thousand pointed Darts fly round him,
 (*Miranda's* Charms escap'd) none e'er shall wound him.

S O N G.

I.

W H E N from the Skies the God of Love
Had once in secret flown,
Strait *Venus* reins each gentle Dove,
And flies to seek her Son.

II.

She meets young *Strephon* in her Way,
And thus accosts the Swain ;
Say, have you *Cupid* seen to Day
Come wand'ring o'er the Plain ?

III.

Search, search, and to restore my Joy
Thy friendly Aid afford,
Give me but back my darling Boy,
And name thy own Reward.

IV.

'Tis done, he with a Smile replies,
Nor need you henceforth mind him
Whene'er he roves ; in *Delia's* Eyes
You may be sure to find him.

S O N G.



S O N G.

I.

LET not my *Delia*, jealous Care
Thus blast thy blooming Youth;
Dismiss these idle Thoughts, my Fair,
Nor doubt thy *Strephon's* Truth.

II.

From the faint Darts of *Chloe's* Eyes
What Dangers can you fear?
Thy Pow'r more justly learn to prize,
Nor dread a Rival there.

III.

Haste, to your friendly Glass appeal,
And well consult your Charms:
The friendly Glass will soon reveal
How vain were those Alarms.

IV.

And if to *Chloe* you can still
Your stronger Claim resign;
Yet think not *Strephon* ever will
In your Injustice join.

V.

In vain may *Chloe* spread her Snares,
I from her Wiles am free ;
In *Chloe* sure no Charm appears,
Or none appears to me.

VI.

But yet, ah hapless Youth ! in vain
The Chains of Love I fly ;
For while I *Chloe*'s Pow'r disdain,
By *Delia*'s Eyes I die.



S O N G.

I.

WHEN Women are fractious, and will not
comply ;
Yet Gold's a Temptation, they cannot deny,
At the Sight of this Argument all Scruples fly.
They go down, down, down, &c.

II.

The Lover may cant of his Flames, and his Darts,
And think of succeeding by those little Arts ;
But here's the true Ruler of all Women's Hearts,
Brings 'em down, down, down, &c.



S O N G.

I.

CONSIDER, dear *Chloe*, how Time flies a-
way ;
And that Form which appears so enchanting to Day,
To Sickness, and Age must its Beauty resign ;
Then gen'rously use them while yet they are thine.

II.

Dismiss these vain Fears, and all Scruples remove,
For Life is but short, and we live but to love ;
Nature's Blessings enjoy e'er Ability fly,
And love me To-day — for To-morrow we die.



S Y L V I A.

RECITATIVE.

STRETCH, stretch ye Sylvan Choirs your tune-
ful Throats,
Warble forth harmonious Notes ;
Tune all your Lays
To lovely *Sylvia's* Praise ;
Sylvia, on whom each Shepherd doats.

RESPONSE.

How is the Grief, that did thy Soul annoy,
Thus alter'd to a sudden Joy ?
Where is the Pain,
You felt by her Disdain ?

RECITATIVE.

'Tis fled ; she's now no longer coy.

A I R.

I.

In lovely SYLVIA's Face
Each blooming Charm is seen ;
Around her ev'ry Grace
Confesses Beauty's Queen :

148 Poems upon several Occasions.

To deck her blushing Cheeks,
The Rose, and Lilly join,
And ev'ry Feature speaks
The Nymph all o'er divine.

II.

What Man without Surprise,
Or with unwounded Heart,
Can meet from Sylvia's Eyes
The Glances, that they dart ?
Love of his Shafts disarm'd,
To her resigns his Bow ;
And with his Bondage charm'd,
Sits smiling on her Brow.



The CARES of LOVE:

EXTEMPORE.

HAPPY's the Man, who, free from Love's A-
larms,
With Unconcern can look on Beauty's Charms ;
Who calmly, nor with Admiration rais'd,
Hears *Chloe's* Wit, or *Delia's* Beauty prais'd.
Him nor a scornful Mistress' Frowns can pain,
Or Smiles, and artful Fondness render vain :
He's truly happy ; while a Crowd of Woes
Attends the Lover wherefoe'er he goes ;
Distrustful Doubts, vain Hopes, and needless Fear,
He in his Breast continually doth wear,
And ev'ry anxious Thought is hoarded there.

THE



THE
CONTEST.

A S O N G.

I.

THREE fair Ones o'er my conquer'd Heart
With equal Sway a Rule exert ;
For each with fiercest Fires I burn ;
Tell me my Heart which Way to turn.

II.

See *Sylvia's* sparkling Eyes declare
Immortal Joys are center'd there ;
'That Form divine, those blooming Charms
Might tempt an Angel to her Arms.

III.

No more——to *Sylvia's* conqu'ring Eyes
I yield with Joy ;——be hers the Prize ;
Th' unequal Contest I decline ;
Take, take me *Sylvia*, I am thine.

IV.

Yet, *Chloe*, thy harmonious Voice,
In sweetest Sounds forbids the Choice :
Thy poignant Wit breaks *Sylvia's* Chain,
And sets thy *Strepbon* free again.

V.

But ah ! what Freedom have I found
In *Chloe's* stronger Fetters bound ?
From Chains to Slavery I fly :
So Captives to be free will die.

VI.

To thee bright Object of each Vow,
To thee sweet Harmony I bow ;
At Bonds so mild I'll ne'er repine ;
Take, take me *Delia*, I am thine.

VII.

Ah ! yet ungentle *Strepbon* stay,
'Thy partial Choice a while delay ;
See *Delia* rack'd with artless Fears,
In blooming Innocence appears.

VIII.

Henceforth no other Flame pursue,
To *Delia* all thy Vows are due ;
For thee by faithless Smiles betray'd,
In secret pines the Love-sick Maid.

IX.

The Conflicts o'er to her I yield ;
Delia, and Honour win the Field,
To thee I'll ev'ry Wish confire,
And be my Fair for-ever thine.



THYRSIS and CORYDON.

A PASTORAL DIALOGUE.

CORYDON.

GOOD morrow *Thyrsis*, why so gay ?
What always making Holiday ?

Wilt thou for ever play ?

Is this a Time for wanton Joy,

When Labour shou'd thy Hands employ ?

Away, for shame away.

The rising Corn demands thy Care ;

Quick to the smiling Field repair,

And mark the swelling Grain ;

The Roller's friendly Weight apply,

Where thick'ning Rows of Barley lie

Along the verdant Plain.

Still mute ? then say what's now the Prize ?

Joy sparkles in your eager Eyes,

And Pleasures play around :

For what yet unattempted Fair

In circling Ringlets flows thy Hair,

With smiling Flowers bound ?

Or say is *Chloe* kind again ?

Does she consent to ease thy Pain ?

152 *Poems upon several Occasions.*

Does she at length comply?
The charming *Chloe* yields To-day;
It must be so, or why thus gay?
Come smile, and tell me why.

THYRSIS.

No, *Corydon*, no untry'd Fair,
No new Intrigue employs my Care;
Nor *Chloe* yet complies;
Still, still she treats me with Disdain,
Still glories in my hapless Pain,
And all Redress denies.

CORYDON.

Say then, my *Thyrsis*, what Relief?
What gives this Respite to thy Grief?
What cur'd my gentle Swain?

THYRSIS.

No Sorrow must this Morn annoy,
And nought but Mirth, and friendly Joy,
Be seen around the Plain.

Sol now has run his annual Race,
And holds again th' appointed Place
Amidst the heav'nly Way,
As erst, when *Sylvia* all her Charms
Resign'd to happy *Damon's* Arms,
And hallow'd thus the Day.

CORYDON.

Is this, my Friend, the welcome Morn,
That ended lovely *Sylvia's* Scorn,
And cur'd the Swain's Despair?
Come, with thy Joys I'll mingle mine;
Let us our friendly Voices join
To bless the happy Pair.

BOTH.

B O T H.

Kind Heav'n to ev'ry Wish propitious prove,
And crown with endless Joys their virtuous Love ;
Attending Angels guard the matchless Pair ;
Damon and *Sylvia* ever be your Care.



Ne sis tantus cessatur, ut calcaribus indigeas.

Done as an EXERCISE at Trinity-College,
Cambridge.

I.

AWAKE, O wretched Man, awake ;
From thy lethargick Sleep arise,
And open thy unwilling Eyes.
Thy guilty Sloth, ah Wretch ! at length forsake :
See, see, behold thy angry, injur'd God
Waves o'er thy destin'd Head th' avenging Rod.

II.

Think, Mortal, e'er it be too late ;
See, see the Hours, how swift they pass,
Time shakes in Haste the fatal Glass,
Soon shalt thou fall a Prey to rapid Fate ;
Wilt thou those Hours thus idly wear away ?
And dost thou thus th' Almighty's Love repay ?

III. Ah !

III.

Ah! Think for what thou wert design'd!
 Was it for this thy bounteous Lord
 Thy spacious Soul with Wisdom stor'd,
 And bless'd thee with an all-discerning Mind?
 No surely, Heaven from our grateful Hands
 Some small Return for these vast Gifts demands.

IV.

The senseless Brute his Tribute pays,
 Yet him no Hope, or Terror fires,
 But Gratitude alone inspires
 To sing aloud his glorious Maker's Praise:
 Shall Man alone Ingratitude profess,
 And, tho' he owes him more, repay him less?

V.

Why, Man, art only thou remiss?
 Ah why must thou be urg'd to do,
 What Gratitude should prompt thee to,
 With Fear of Pain, or Hope of promis'd Bliss?
 Fix on the lab'ring Ant thy wond'ring View,
 And chearfully like her thy Task pursue.





ANACREON on his Lyre.

From the GREEK.

OF *Atreus'* Sons I strive to sing,
 And tune to Fame the trembling String;
 The stubborn Chords reluctant prove,
 And chant no Sounds, but those of Love:
 Enrag'd I throw the Rebels by,
 And the same Strains on others try;
 The faithless Lyre on Love still dwells,
 And ev'ry Note with Fondness swells:
 I shift again, nay change the Frame;
 In vain,— the Sounds are still the same;
 And while in Raptures I recite
Ulysses' Art, or *Ajax'* Might,
 The wanton Lyre, unskill'd in Arms,
 As fondly numbers *Delia's* Charms.
 What now can poor *Anacreon* do?
 Tell me, some God:—— it shall be so;
 I'll yield to mighty *Love* the Day,
 And tamely the fond Lyre obey,
 Bid ev'ry other Theme adieu,
 And, henceforth Love alone pursue.

ANACREON



ANACREON on Himself.

A *Nacreon*, thou art old, the Ladies cry ;
 Within the Glass thy grisly Image spy ;
 Thy wrinkled Brow no wanton Ringlets grace,
 And *Time* sits frowning on thy wither'd Face.
 Perhaps 'tis so ; I boast no smiling Charms,
 To plead Admission to a Lady's Arms ;
 And for my Life,— the sooner I'm to lose it,
 Why--- while it lasts--- I must the better use it.



Aurora Musis Amica.

SEE where, observant of the rising Day,
 The blooming Morn emits a gladsome Ray !
 High o'er the Eastern Hills the Goddess flies,
 And glides, triumphant, thro' her native Skies :
 At her Approach brown Night in haste retires,
 Lost in the Splendor of her genial Fires ;
 Th' enliv'ning Ray extends from Side to Side,
 And opens all the lawny Prospect wide ;
 The feather'd Choir forsake the downy Nest,
 And with soft Notes salute the welcome Guest.
 Hail thou, the Muses Honour, and their Friend,
 At whose bright Throne immortal Joys attend ;

At thy great Call the tuneful Maids appear,
And chant the Beauties of the rolling Year;
Our wak'ning Souls the sweet Alarm receive,
Nature again looks gay, and all Things live.



Numerus Defendit.

IF thou woud'st err, yet from thy Faults be freed,
Follow *the Many*, and thou'lt sure succeed;
The greatest Crimes, when into Fashion grown,
Wear Virtue's Face, or lose at least their own.

'Twas from this Thought when Envy's cursed Sting
First taught th' Arch Fiend to hate th' Almighty King
To crowding Angels he betray'd his Shame,
And fought their Breasts with the same Rage t'inflame;
Taught 'em Rebellion 'gainst th' immortal Throne,
And in their Guilt essay'd to lose his own.

Conscious of this, when to the Wiles of Hell
A wretched Victim our first Mother fell,
She sought a Partner in her Guilt to share,
And drew her Lord into the fatal Snare.



E P I T A P H.

HERE lies an old—— *compesce sonum;*
De mortuis nil nisi bonum.



The RAKE'S SONG.

SAY, *Cynicks*, why thus beyond Measure
Our softer Enjoyments you blame,
Since we are but taking our Pleasure,
And all Men are doing the same?

II.

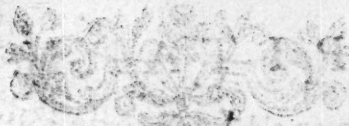
The Miser's Delight is his Treasure,
The Lawyer finds Pleasure in Strife;
Thus each Man is taking his Pleasure,
For Pleasure's the Bus'ness of Life.

III.

Ev'n you have your Pleasure in snarling;
No longer at ours then repine;
For Pleasure is ev'ry Man's Darling,
And ours is in Women, and Wine.

IV.

These are Charms, that will always delight, Sir,
Whilst free from the Clogs of a Wife;
In Pleasure we'll spend Day and Night, Sir;
For Pleasure 's the Bus'ness of Life.



CHLOE,

**CHLOE, or The mistaken
COQUET.**

EPIGRAM.

CHLOE, with ill-plac'd Vanity inspir'd,
Fondly imagines she's by all admir'd:
We grant it, Sirs;— but 'tis, if I may guess,
Like *Turkish* Monkies,--- for her Ugliness.

**On an Old LADY, who
powdered her Grey Locks.**

EPIGRAM.

FLED is the auburn Hue from *Bromia's* Hair,
And Age with hoary White has crown'd the Fair:
What makes her then explore that Aid from Powder,
Which friendly *Nature* has, unask'd, allow'd her?





On D E A T H.

E P I G R A M.

ALL with one universal Voice declare
That Life's a dull continued Scene of Care.
Then why shou'd Death such mighty Terrors give?
Since we by dying only cease to live.



To a *Roman Catholick* Lady, after
a Dispute with her upon her
maintaining a Purgatory.

I.

IN vain, *Amanda*, I contend;
Such Beauty must prevail;
Tho' *Reason* seems to be my Friend,
Ev'n *Reason's* self to thee must bend,
And Demonstration fail.

II.

Howe'er our Sentiments we prize,
By Prejudice o'er sway'd;
When Arguments, so subtly wise,
Appear in those resistless Eyes,
What Answer can be made?

III. No

III.

No Purgatory I contest,
But own my bold Mistake ;
For Love's too powerful Flames infest
My conquer'd Heart, and in my Breast
A Purgatory make.



MISS S---R---N:

A BURLEQUE SONG.

To the Tune of *Molly-Mog.*

I.

ATTEND to my sorrowful Ditty,
And equally sorrowful Mien ;
As my Heart you have stole--- Oh, for Pity
Give me yours in Return, dear Miss S---n.

II.

In the Dumps over-head I am plunged,
And my Mind is envelop'd with Spleen,
'Then let this dire Blot be expunged,
Or you're damnably cruel, Miss S---n.

III.

Nor make me remain long suspended,
 Thus Pleasure, and Torture between;
 Speak, and let this Dilemma be ended;
 Must I live, or expire, dear Miss S——n?

IV.

Ah! permit not a Frown on that Beauty,
 'Twill greatly its Lustre demean;
 But kindly give Ear, when I sue t'ye,
 And ease my sad Pain, dear Miss S——n,

V.

Then my Muse, to the Heavens aspiring,
 Shall quit all that's low, and terrene:
 But in Heaven there's nought worth admiring,
 While Earth contains charming Miss S——n.

VI.

For *Venus* appears but a Dowdy,
 And pale, like a Girl of fifteen;
 Her Bubbles are brown, her Eyes cloudy,
 Compar'd to the lovely Miss S——n.

VII.

And then if my Muse mention'd *Pallas*,
 Tho' stil'd of fair Wisdom the Queen;
 I wish I may hang on a Gallows,
 If she be'nt a meer Fool to Miss S——n.

VIII.

Were the Charms of all Nature united,
 For them I wou'd not give a Bean;
 For my Soul can be only delighted
 With the Beauties of lovely Miss S——n.

X. Miss

IX.

Miss S——n is as gay, as a Tulip,
And smiles like the flowery Green ;
Were I sick, I'd not take Pill, or Julep ;
All my Cure shou'd be lovely Miss S——n.

X.

Shou'd the foregoing Rhymes, unconnected,
And thoughtless, too plainly be seen ;
By the Lord I will not be dejected,
But continue to sing fair Miss S——n.

XI.

For tho' I were dull as a Beetle,
And my Head but a heavy Machine,
I shou'd soon be as sharp as a Needle,
Inspir'd by the charming Miss S——n.

XII.

But Thanks to my Stars, that were kinder,
To speak a bold Word—I'm as keen
As a Razor just ta'en from the Grinder ;
Such a Whetstone is lovely Miss S——n.

XIII.

When my Eyes her soft Beauties are tracing,
In vain do I strive them to wean
From gazing, and gazing, and gazing,
And gazing on lovely Miss S——n.

XIV.

I profess by the Muses heroick,
Whose Favours I now, and then glean,
I'd turn Pythagorean, or Stoick,
If commanded by charming Miss S——n.

XV. But

XV.

But alas! with fond sighing and puling,
 I shou'd soon be more shotten, and lean;
 And already, Heav'n knows, with my fooling,
 I'm a Skeleton made by *Miss S*—n.





LETTERS, &c.

LETTER I.

To ARAMINTA.

Dear ARAMINTA,

TH O' I have not indulged Nature with one Hour's Repose since you left *London*, I cannot help thinking it an Age since I saw you; I am perfectly at a Loss what Method I shall make use of to render Life even tolerable during your Absence; Reading is quite inspid; Company, ten Times worse: And, in short, unless you can think of some Way to keep up what little Spirits you have left in me, you must expect to find the Number of your Friends lessened, at least by one on your Return: I opened *Waller* just now, and as ill Luck wou'd have it, what shou'd I pitch upon but that very Poem, that celebrates the Plagues of Absence: I thought my taking leave of you this Morning at the Coach, had given me as terrible an Idea of it, as possible; but now I am ten Times worse than ever, Famine, Pistols, Blood, Hanging, and Matrimony, are meer Playthings to it; well, I shall never get over it, that's certain. Now, if my Cares will let me, will I go sleep for meer Vexation; perhaps, in gentle Dreams, I may recover thee, grasp in my trembling Arms thy kinder Shade, and snatch a Taste of Immortality: I don't know how you and I shall agree about these Raptures; you know we cou'd never rightly settle these *Platonick* Notions of ours, you
wou'd

wou'd always have it that I lean'd a little too much to the sensual ; and I cannot help thinking but you are as much o' t'other Side.—'Tis to be hop'd we shall agree one Time or other ;—and I think the best Way to accomplish it, is to meet fairly in the Middle : Come on then, and I promise to keep Pace with you Step for Step ; I must confess, I never was any great Admirer of these Tongue Battles : But, as you say, there is something noble in differing from the Vulgar—*olious Vulgar* !—Charming *Araminta* !—O the inexpressible Pleasures of being Particular ! Particular—No, *Araminta*, if the World will differ from thee, let that blush that it is particular. But come, a Truce to Compliments ; tho' it be the only Diet we *Platonicks* have to feed on, yet to be perpetually Feasting, is as bad as never to eat at all. I have rummag'd my whole Library according to your Commands, and after the most strict Examination, cannot, (at least if I may be allowed to have any Knowledge of your Taste) find any one, which will agree with it better, than the inclosed. If you shou'd have no other Incitement to be acquainted with M. *Fontenelle*, I'll beg you to peruse him once on my Recommendation : I am almost persuaded you will not have the worse Opinion of my Judgment after the Trial ; you will find in him (a very rare Mixture) an agreeable Moralist, a gay Instructor, and a complaisant Philosopher. I imagine your Impatience to be convinc'd whether my Character of him be real, or not, will not permit you to relish any thing, which with-holds you from the Trial ; for which Reason, after I have wished you all the Pleasures you can possibly expect in your Retirement, I shall, without farther Ceremony, subscribe myself

Yours,

CORYDON.

LET-

LETTER II.

To CORDON.

SIR,

I Must beg Pardon for not returning a timely Answer to your last obliging Letter; but my Impatience to be acquainted with the charming Author you inclosed in it, would not permit me to think of any Thing else, till a third Repetition had in some Measure allayed the Force of my Curiosity, and set me at Liberty to make you a proper Acknowledgment for the Pleasure, I received from your Complaisance. I cannot sufficiently admire the Stile, as well as the Sentiments, of dear *Fontenelle*; there is something so agreeably gay, even in his most serious Reflections; and at the same Time so sedate, solid, and rational, in the Boldest of his Flights; that I cannot help thinking him the only Man, who could have been able to convey to us such solemn Truths; at least, such delightful Probabilities, in a Manner at once so instructive, and engaging. It was with some Reluctance, that even after I had compleated a third Reading of him, I agreed to resign him to my Cousin, *Belinda*, who waited till I had done, with as much Impatience as a Girl of Fifteen for her first Lover, or a Lawyer for *Michaelmas* Term, after a dull Vacation. But he was not so soon forced from my Head, as my Hand; the dear Idea fluttered about my Imagination; and next Time I closed my Eyes, produced the following Dream. Methought I was conveyed by my attending Sylphs to the Center of our System. My Faculties were all enlarged, and enliven'd in Proportion, as I grew farther distant from the melancholick Earth; and by that Time I arrived at the proper Point of Prospect, I was able to view, and consider every Planet in all its Lights, to distinguish their different Natures and Climates, and to conceive a perfect Knowledge

ledge of each of their Inconveniencies, or Advantages. While I was admiring the Beauty, and Order of the stupendous Prospect, I was saluted by a Gentleman, whom by an odd Kind of Instinct I immediately knew to be the charming *Fontenelle*. I was no less pleased, than surprized with the Accident; and before I had determin'd in what Manner to receive him, he address'd me in the following Terms. Madam, said he, my Immortality, giving me the Advantage of a Knowledge of all worldly Affairs, I am no Stranger to your Thoughts of that Trifle, I designed for the Amusement, or Instruction of your Sex, as each of you pleased to employ it. I cannot help thinking it a Happiness to myself, that there was at least one, who had made the noblest Use of it. I am charm'd with your laudable Curiosity, and the Moment I knew of your Arrival on the vast Expanse from one of your airy Attendants, my Impatience to converse with you brought me hither, on Wings swifter than Light, or Fancy.

If I can be of any Service to you, in giving you a farther Insight, into what you seem so desirous to learn, I shall look upon it as no inconsiderable Addition to my Happiness. I answered him only with a Bow, and a Smile; upon which he resum'd his Discourse thus: Dear *Corydon*, I am obliged to break off abruptly. The Malice and Ill-nature of *Livia*, which will hardly permit me to enjoy one Moment's Peace, or Solitude, has seiz'd upon me: I can hardly keep her from examining into the Letter, and a Pretence that I am only writing to my Brother, will scarce divert her Curiosity. Adieu! be assured, the first Moments of my Leisure shall be dedicated to Friendship, and *Corydon*; till when, you must be satisfied with believing me

Yours,

ARAMINTA.

LETTER

LETTER III.

To CORYDON.

S I R,

I AM, thank Night, and Nature, oncè more at Liberty; it is now almost the high Noon of Darkness, and *Livia's* Eyes are closed in friendly Sleep. I am willing to flatter myself, you want to know the remaining Part of my Dream; therefore shall, without farther Ceremony, resume the Tale where Envy, Rage, and Impertinence, cut it off.

Of all the Passions, said he, that Nature has carefully implanted in us, there is no one more predominant, than Vanity; nor, indeed, is there any we are more obliged to her for; since it is to that we owe Part of our most considerable Pleasures. Who is more happy than a Beau in an Assembly, of which he looks upon himself as *l'Esprit le plus brillant*; a fine Woman before her Glass, or in a Circle of flattering Lovers; or a senseless great Man in the Midst of a fawning Levee? in short, so great is our Pride, that we are not only for making ourselves considerable in our own little World, but we must set ourselves up for Lords of all Nature. We are not content with exercising this imaginary Dominion over an honest Brute, that partial Nature has set a little beneath us; but, truly, we must needs have it, that the Sun, Moon, and Stars, were made only for us to play with. Come on, Madam, you shall be convinced how much these selfish Philosophers are mistaken; and what a prodigious Mortification will it be to those pretty Gentlemen, who look upon themselves as Nature's darling Favourites, to find themselves sunk some Degrees below the best Part of the Creation. If you please, Madam, we will fix our Station here, and observe each of the Planets as they roll by us. This, which moves nearest, is *Mercury*. See, see, what an infinite Number of little, wanton

Q

Animals

Animals are fluttering up, and down upon the Surface of it. They are all Fire, and Gaiety; their prodigious Nearness to the Sun makes them almost mad; and in short, their whole Life is one Scene of thoughtless Wildness. The Air they breathe is excessive thin, and their Temper so brisk, and roving, that they can hardly be kept upon their little Planet: They are for plunging headlong into Infinity. Can there be Forms more agreeable and engaging? What Pity is it that they are but Forms. See, Madam, what an angelick Appearance in *Venus*! They are something cooler here, and consequently not quite so mad: But what Beauty! what Majesty, appears in all its Inhabitants! This, Madam, is the Island of Love, floating on the Sea of Harmony. Can there be Objects more worthy of that Passion? The next is our little Spot; if you please we will pass it by, till we have taken a View of the Rest of the Planets. In *Mars*, which holds the next Place, they are of a fiery Nature; but their Fire has quite a different Turn to that of the *Mercurians*. In *Mercury* all is Pleasure, Friendship, and Society; in *Mars*, you meet with nothing but Broils, Discord, and Bloodshed. You will no longer wonder, why he appears to you so much redder than any of the other Planets, when you see his Soil so deeply ting'd with the Blood of its frantick Inhabitants. Of all the Planets *Jupiter* is the most rational. This is the Land of Philosophers, and it is no more Objection to a Woman here that she is thoroughly versed in all Kinds of Learning, than a good Skin or a fine Pair of Eyes is among you Terrestrials. The Reason is, Madam, that they make a right Use of their Knowledge. I am sorry most of our Ladies come so far short of them in this excellent Quality. Were I not fully acquainted with you, Madam, I should almost suspect you for a *Jovian*. Look, for Heaven's Sake, what a Parcel of moping, heavy-headed Machines are stow'd together in *Saturn*. Dullness and Insensibility sit frowning on their Countenances; their immense Distance from the Sun renders them unfit for the Society of
any

any other Part of the Creation, and almost of one another. Yet would you think it, even these Things are as well pleased with their Situation, and as fond of their own Condition and Abilities, as any Planet in the whole System. Now, Madam, turn your Eyes to the Earth, observe the different Scenes it exhibits in one Revolution on its Axis. Will you not be surprized to see its whole System of Inhabitants, composed of Colonies from all the Rest of the Planets? Look what an infinite Number of *Mercurians* are fluttering about *France*, *Italy*, and some Parts of the *East*; *Turky* and the more barbarous Parts of it, with almost all *Africa*, and *America*, are filled with the Sons of *Mars*; there are some of them settled in *Spain*, the Rest with the Inhabitants of *Holland*; and some of the more Northern Countries consist entirely of your *Saturnines*. And believe me, Madam, I can never forgive *Venus* for confining her Favours so partially to the happy Place which gave you Birth. The *Jovians* have no settled Place on the Earth, but are scattered up and down, almost in every Part of it. The *East* has had its *Zoroaster*, *Italy* her *Pliny*, *Greece* her *Socrates*, *France* her *Des Cartes*, and *England* her *Boyle*, her *Newton*, and her *B-n---y*: Nor has even *Holland* wanted her *Nieuwentyt*, or her *Boerhaave*. Dear Sir, said I, have you quite forgot the Moon? I hope we shall find some Sort of Animals to stock her with; for I should be mighty sorry to leave so near an Acquaintance unprovided for. He was just going to answer me, when *Belinda* wak'd me to tell me the Breakfast was ready. How great was my Disappointment and Mortification, to be thrown at once from all my Height of fancied Happiness! Alas, I am now but a mere Terrestrial, and perhaps one of the worst Sort of them too: However, such as I am, I am sufficiently happy, if you have any Pleasure in thinking me

Yours,

ARAMINTA.

LETTER IV.

S I R,

THE following Rules, and Observations were writ for my own private Use; they are very short; therefore if you think they will not be thought disagreeable, you may insert them in your Miscellany.

I am, your humble Servant,

ACADEMICUS.

In Conversation, seldom or never name yourself; if you are really a Man of Sense, others will find it out; if you are not, by being silent you may pass unobserved.

Endeavour to make those you converse with think well of themselves, and it will follow that they'll approve of you.

Avoid telling Stories, where you are the principal Person concerned; and whenever you are obliged to give an Account of yourself, or Family, be as short, and modest in your Narration as possible; if you say less than Truth, your Modesty will be commended; if more, you'll be justly esteemed a Boaster, and of Consequence despised.

Never affect to be dull, or melancholy in Company, nor yet too brisk, and lively; the one will make you be thought fullen, and the other may cause you to be impertinent.

Whenever you enter into an Argument upon an indifferent Subject, maintain what you attest with Modesty; and if your Antagonist grows warm, rather seem to give into his Opinion, than proceed till he is angry.
You'll

You'll never gain a Friend by publicly correcting his wrong Way of Thinking.

There requires some Art, even in giving up an Argument; for if it is done too carelessly, it will look as if you despised your Adversary; but when you slide by Degrees into the Opinion of your Opponent, it generally follows that he thinks the better both of himself, and you. It may be objected that a Man of Sense would see into such a Concession; but yet we should consider that for five Men of Sense, there are at least twenty Fools, and even the former are not Proof against artful Flattery; and since the chief End of Conversation is to make one another as happy as possible, when neither God, nor Man is injured, Complaisance is certainly a Duty we owe to one another.

Never endeavour to seem wiser, than your Companions; if you do, it necessarily follows that they will think you a Fool.

Laugh as little, as possible at your own Jest: Never make fulsome Compliments, or praise a Man for an Accomplishment he has not.

Wheresoever you go, mix the Complaisance of a Stranger, with the Freedom of a Friend.

Never let Trifles make you serious, or out of Humour.

Endeavour to suit your Behaviour to the Company you are in: To be serious when others are disposed to be merry, is both rude and ill-natured, and to laugh by one's self is foolish.

" Always make a Memorandum of the Benefits you
" receive from others; always set down the Faults or
" Failings, which, from Time to Time, you discover in
" yourself. If you remark any thing that is ridiculous
" or faulty in others, let it not be with an ill-natured
" Design, to hurt or expose them, but with a *Nota Bene*
" that it is only a Caution to yourself not to be guilty of
" the like."

Dodley's Treasury.

LETTER V.

TO CORYDON.

Dear CORYDON,

WHEN I had the Pleasure of seeing you last, our Conversation, if you remember, turned upon the great Bounty of Providence in storing this little Island of ours with so many of its choicest Gifts; and such a Subject naturally lead us into an Encomium on our *English* Ladies, who are allowed far to surpass in Beauty those of all other Nations. But as I do not design to repeat the particular Reflections we made upon our own Happiness, in being born among a World of Beauties, in this earthly Paradise, I shall without any farther Preparation, inform you that I have sometimes the Happiness of conversing with a young Lady, who is an Honour to her Sex; witty without Affectation, and beautiful without knowing that she is so. 'Twas your Desire when last we parted, that I wou'd communicate to you whatever I should think worthy your Notice; your Request therefore, and the strong Inclination I have, in some Measure, to do Justice to *Sophronia's* Merit, induces me, unequal as I am to the Task, to attempt a Description of that charming Lady. I shall therefore, as the Generality of Writers do, first beg Pardon for my Presumption, and then commit the Fault. *Sophronia* is in the Bloom of Youth, her Person perfectly beautiful, her Hair of a dark Brown, her Face oval, her Forehead round, her Eyes full, and sparkling, arched with Brows of so divine a Make, as seem to rival those *Apelles* gave the Queen of Beauty; her Nose of a just Proportion, her Cheeks finely turned, and tintured with a rosy Hue; her Mouth little, her Lips exceeding the Coral in Colour, the under one having a just Advantage of the other in Thickness, and both enclose the evenest, whitest

whiteſt Set of Teeth that ever adminiſtered to the Body's Nouriſhment ; her Chin round and dimpled, her Neck of a becoming Length, her Cheſt high and ſmooth, and her Breſt unutterably charming : In ſhort, her whole Frame has ſomething ſo free and eaſy, and at the ſame Time ſo majeſtick, that ſhe commands from every Beholder Reſpect, and Veneration. Her Temper, without Flattery, ſeems to me to be extremely engaging ; ſhe has a penetrating Wit, and a moſt entertaining Converſation.--- I am at a Loſs what to ſay further ; for the Idea of her matchleſs Beauties crowd ſo faſt upon me, that I muſt make Uſe of the Artifice of a famous Painter, and draw a Veil over thoſe Perfections that I cannot deſcribe. In one Word, therefore, ſhe is the Glory of her own, and the Pride of our Sex. I am, dear Sir,

Your Friend, &c.

AMYNTAS.

LETTER VI.

To SYLVIA.

Dear SYLVIA.

I AM at a Loſs how to addreſs you after ſo long a Silence, and your ſtrict Commands, not to trouble you any more with my impertinent Paſſion. It has been, I muſt confeſs, with no ſmall Uneaſineſs, that I have thus long obeyed you : But as that Obedience could extend no farther, than a Reſtraint on my Tongue, and Pen, nor was it in my Power to ceaſe to love you ; I have, at the Expence of my Peace, continued to feed a hopeleſs Flame ; which increaſing,
in

in Proportion to the Time of its Continuance, has no longer left me Master of Reason enough to confine it within the Bounds you prescribed it. It is so long since I had the Pleasure of either seeing, or hearing of you, that I am uncertain, whether this will find you in a Capacity (were you inclined to it) of listening to me in a Manner agreeable to my Wishes. Perhaps, some happier Rival, wantons in full Possession of thy Sweetness; and yet, unconscious of the Worth of his rich Treasure, looks with Coldness and Indifference on Blessings, the inexhausted Stores of Heaven can never equal; whilst I --- but what have I to do with Happiness? I dare not lift a Thought above Despair, nor hope a greater Pleasure, than sometimes in gentle Dreams to grasp thy kinder Shade.--- Oh *Sylvia*! 'tis impossible to describe the Anxieties, the Torments, I have endured in this long fatal Absence.--- You once knew me, while blest with thy enchanting Smiles, gay, unconcern'd, and easy;--- Would you behold me now, imagine to yourself a Wretch resigned to Sorrow, and Despair, sinking beneath the uneasy Burthen of a hateful Life, whose Bloom is wasted by continual Cares, whose happiest Hours afford no more than a less Flood of Misery,--- and such am I?--- But whether does my Frenzy lead me? Is it for a Wretch, like me, thus rudely, with unwelcome Complaints, to fully thy soft Peace? Yet, sure, when you consider, that 'tis you have made me that Wretch, you cannot blame me for endeavouring, by any Method, to alleviate my Pains; and how, alas, can I do that better, than thus? For while I open my full Heart to thee, and tell thee all the Anguish of my Soul, methinks I feel a Respite from my Sorrows, and for a Season all is calm within me. Oh! snatch a Moment from thy Joys, and listen to the mournful Tale.--- Fly from my happy Rival's Arms,--- his Arms!---distracting Thought! by Heaven, there wants but that to close the Period of my Miseries; for sure, I cannot live beyond the Hour which gives thee to another.--- If you can steal a Thought from
Happiness,

L E T T E R S, &c. 177

Happiness, employ it.--- I dare not ask it for myself ; yet, pardon me, when I say, I live but in this Hope that you some times think with Pity on the lost despairing,

&c.

L E T T E R VII.

To C H L O E.

Dear CHLOE,

THAT you may not have Breach of Promise to accuse me with, take Notice, that I write you Word, that I am

Yours,

CORYDON.

L E T T E R VIII.

To A M E L I A.

Dear AMELIA,

IF you remember, you had a little Sort of a Thing, called a Letter, from me, some Weeks ago ; in which I desir'd a Bit of an Answer ;--- Are not you a Turk ? a Jew ? a Cannibal ?--- Here I waited Day after Day, Week after Week ; no Letter came : I had not an Opportunity of thanking you while I was in Town ; or, I gad, you should have had it : But, hold---
it

it is never too late to mend, they say; perhaps, you may have thought better on it by this Time: Pr'ythee, *Amelia*, send me a Bit of Paper, with a little of thy dear Scrawl upon it, if not for Love, yet for the Jest's Sake:--- You cannot imagine how I pine at your Unkindness,--- I have quite lost my Stomach,--- I protest, I have not eat any Thing this Hour, and Half,--- I can never hold out long, at this Rate--- You had best consider of it in Time, for fear I should take Heart of Grace, and give you the Slip. I know your Vanity will not let you lose me so easily: You'll think of my terrible Constancy, and with a kind, reviving Smile (that is, if you could come at me; but since you cannot, a tender Billet must do the Business instead of it) raise me from Despair, and make me as happy, as a--- as a--- Fishmonger in *Lent*,--- Faith a good Simile!--- Oh ravishing Sound! to hear *Amelia* say the pines me--- I am quite in Extasies with the Thoughts of it--- Pox on't, I'm grown serious all of the sudden--- I begin to be as dull, as a Fiddlestick without Resin,--- I had best have done, while I am well: But hang it, since I am accidentally fallen upon the sober Strain, I will e'en continue in it so far, as to assure you, I am--- nothing, when not

Yours,

CORYDON.

F I N I S.





*The Reader is desired to correct the following Errors in the
List of the Subscribers, occasioned by the Haste of the
Printer.*

B. for *Beaumont*, read *Beamont*.

G. for *Gratton*, read *Gretton*.

M. for *Mr. Milner, Esq*; read *William Milner, Esq*;

Ibid. for *Monnier*, read *Mounier*.

P. for *Pindleburg*, read *Pindlebury*.

R. To *Richard Rawlinson, L. L. D.* add and *F. R. S.*

S. for *Saseby*, read *Saxby*.

In the Preface, p. 1. l. 29. for *of*, read *on*.

Epistle to the Lovers, p. 2. l. 15. for *plicable*, read *applicable*.





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f.
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f.
r.
P.
P.
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ERRATA.

PAGE 23. Line *ult*, for *me*, I, read *me I*, p. 64.
l. 2. f. *down the*, r. *down upon the*. p. 91. l. 16.
f. *castaway*, r. *cast away*. p. 98. l. 2. f. *hither*, r. *thi-*
ther. p. 103. f. l. *penuli*, f. *borne* r. *born*. p. 104. l. 16.
f. *good Nature*, r. *Tenderness*. p. 135. f. *to P. H. Esq;*
r. *to F. H. Esq;* p. 137. l. 28. f. *un'improv'd*, r. *unprov'd*.
p. 142. l. 5. f. *nor*, r. *or*. p. 144. l. 8. f. *there*, r. *here*.
p. 146. l. 3. f. *Beauty*, r. *Beauty's*. p. 150. l. 12. f. *De-*
lia, r. *Chloe*.



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